

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXIV.—No. 2180.  
Copyright, 1897, by ARKELL WEEKLY CO., No. 110 Fifth Avenue.  
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1897.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS \$1.00.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER ROBES OF STATE.

This is a photograph made in a robe recently worn by the Queen at a drawing-room in St. James's Palace, at which were present representatives of all the great Powers in the world. Such appearances of her Majesty have been infrequent of late years. Her age and growing infirmities have induced her to delegate the functions of state of a merely social nature to the Prince and Princess of Wales. When the Queen has appeared the functions have been considered quite notable.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

C. FRANK DEWEY, European Representative, Hotel Bristol, Berlin.

JUNE 24, 1897.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA. IN ADVANCE.	
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

## Queen Victoria and Her Diamond Jubilee.



THE present Queen of England has reigned longer than any of her predecessors, and, as is shown elsewhere in this paper, in Mr. Speed's article on the Victorian Age, more has been accomplished during her sovereignty for the benefit of humanity than in many previous centuries. It is meet, when she reaches the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, that the world should do honor to the good woman whose name has been given to the most momentous era in history.

Queen Victoria, the sixth of the house of Hanover to reign in England, is the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and of Princess Louisa Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. George IV. and his brothers, the Duke of York and William IV., died without legitimate heirs, so on the death of the latter, in 1837, she became Queen of England. She was born at Kensington Palace, London, on May 24th, 1819.

After a long illness William IV. died at two o'clock on the morning of June 20th, 1837. His death was expected, and a carriage was kept in waiting so that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain could carry the news instantly to Kensington Palace. The princess was asleep. Being awakened, she did not keep the messengers waiting, "but came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." When the messengers had made their announcement she turned to the archbishop and said: "I beg your Grace to pray for me." Three weeks later the Queen, who had lived always at Kensington Palace, took up her residence at Buckingham Palace, and shortly after she went in state to prorogue Parliament. She sat on a new throne in the House of Lords, and was invested by the lords in waiting with a royal mantle of purple velvet. Fanny Kemble was present and has recorded that the voice of the Queen in reading her speech was exquisite. "The enunciation," she said, "was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen." It has not infrequently been said, in recent years, that her Majesty speaks brokenly and with a German accent; therefore it is interesting to recall what Fanny Kemble said of her first public utterance.

The Queen was married to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg in 1840. During the twenty-one years of her wifehood she was the mother of nine children, the eldest being the dowager-Empress of Germany and the next the Prince of Wales. She was so distressed by the death of her husband that there was speculation as to whether she would not abdicate and retire permanently to Balmoral Castle in the Highlands of Scotland. But she has held on to the sceptre for thirty-six years after this bereavement, and no one now dreams that she will relinquish it during her life.

It is a mistake to believe that the duties of an English sovereign are purely formal. The sovereign in England is compelled to give personal attention to much of the business of state, and every now and then Queen Victoria has interposed her will and her wishes with such effect as to change the policy of the ministry governing in her name. Indeed, she rebuked Lord Palmerston, when foreign minister, for not consulting her regarding his dispatches; and, later, for what she considered an indiscretion, she compelled his retirement from office. It is well known that in the Trent affair with the United States her intervention, at the instance of Prince Albert, prevented a declaration of war by Great Britain.

In nothing which the world at large can judge her by has Queen Victoria shown greater wisdom, diplomacy, and far-sightedness than in the marriages she has arranged for her children and grandchildren, by means of which England is united by the close bonds of family affection and interests to the most important monarchs of Europe. When, in 1863, the Prince of Wales married the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, heir to the throne of impoverished Denmark, it did not seem a very important alliance. But most important connections resulted, for the Princess of Wales's sister, Princess Dagmar, married the heir to the throne of Russia, and is now the dowager-Empress, mother of Nicholas II., Czar of Russia. The oldest brother of the Princess of Wales married a daughter of the King of Sweden and Norway; the King of Greece is also her brother, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark married Princess Marie

of Orleans. The Queen's eldest child, Victoria, princess royal, married the Crown Prince of Prussia, whose tragically short reign as Emperor of Germany is one of the saddest events in the history of this royal family. She is now the Dowager Empress Frederick, and her son William is on the throne. The Queen's second son, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, only daughter of Czar Alexander II., and sister of Czar Alexander III., thus, like his brother the Prince of Wales, becoming son-in-law, and afterward brother-in-law, to the Russian ruler. The Duke of Edinburgh inherited the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha from his uncle, Ernest II. These are a few of the alliances; to enumerate them all would take up too much space.

In 1887 the Queen celebrated her jubilee after a reign of fifty years. Only three other sovereigns of England ever reigned to celebrate such an anniversary; these were Henry III., Edward III., and George III. But Queen Victoria's reign has been the longest of any English sovereign, and much more glorious in those triumphs of peace which make a people greater and stronger than the bloody victories of the battle-field. Victoria will be remembered, not for what she did or refrained from doing, but on account of the great achievements of her subjects in art and in literature, and, most of all, in the applied sciences. These are making the Victorian Age the greatest in English history, and through them the Queen's name will gain an illustrious immortality.

## Business and Politics.

JUST after the election last autumn there was a silly effort made by silly newspapers to persuade the people that the election of McKinley meant an immediate and permanent revival of business. We take no particular pride, but some satisfaction, nevertheless, in recalling that we counseled against any false stimulation of hope, for we were persuaded that a "boom" at that time would be a worse calamity than a "boom" usually is—and a "boom" is always fraught with danger. The "boom" that Mr. Dana and such as he then saw did not materialize, but the boomers all the same did infinite harm. They persuaded the mass of the people that an era of unprecedented prosperity was just about to begin; to begin because McKinley was elected.

Seven months have gone by and this promised era of prosperity has unquestionably begun, but as there has not been a "boom," and as there is not likely to be one for some time to come, there are those who express much dissatisfaction. Some of these speak with wrath, some with despair, and some with derision, and very many of them declare that McKinley and his administration are impotent to do what the country needs. And so in a great measure they are, for what the country needs more than anything else is to be let alone and be given at the same time some trustworthy assurance that this policy will be continued. Countries can be ruined by administrative methods and legislative enactments, just as a man can commit suicide by cutting his throat; but countries cannot be made rich and prosperous by presidents and congresses any more than a man can lift himself by his boot-straps.

But it is surely necessary for us to have established rational tariff and currency laws. Every sane man knows this. Major McKinley, feeling the truth of it very keenly, called an extra session of Congress, so that these laws might be passed as quickly as possible. And it is unquestionably the duty of the Republicans in Congress to pass such laws at once, and then adjourn and go home. The mere sitting of the Senate, with its cranky minority, is considered by many a menace to commercial security. Until the work that is demanded be finished, the improvement necessarily must be slow.

It is most unfair, under these circumstances, to begin to condemn the McKinley administration already. The election of McKinley saved us from a most dangerous socialism, and the repudiation of sacred national obligations. Let us be content with this so far as we can, and await with what patience we can summon the further revival of trade when Congress shall have finished its labors and the members shall have gone home.

Business and politics sometimes bear close relations. Politics cannot make business good, but politics can hurt business; politics can injure business as sorely as war or pestilence.

## The Need of Economy.

"GOD help the Americans when they have to face the problem of economy!" exclaimed a foreign observer who had traveled extensively in this country. He simply echoed what has been said a hundred times by visitors from lands which have had to learn the lesson in order to live. The United States has been the wonder of history, and it has possessed the appetite of jubilant youth. It has done more things than any other people, and it has carried a full dinner-pail. The question of what it can save has been lost in the more important questions of what it can do and what it can get. Our great achievements have made us naturally the most extravagant people on earth in the total of our expenditures and the general scale of living. The weekly paper in a country town which recently said of one of its

constituents that he was dog-poor because he had at that writing only four of the animals, expressed the same idea as the society journal which announced that Mr. So-and-so was spending a million a year on his various establishments, and still felt unsatisfied.

In the way of poverty there is nothing more galling than the person with the "good" salary. The six-hundred-dollar man with a family in the country town and the five-thousand-dollar man in New York City are far apart in figures, but they are the same in misery. They try to live twenty per cent. or more above their circumstances, and the result is inevitable disaster. And yet if they drop to nothing they manage to exist. It is one of the inexplicable puzzles of the times how so many people contrive to stay on earth after misfortune has taken away their regular incomes. Amid all this conglomeration of gloom the constant moral is to save something, to live within the income, to look ahead. Hard times may, after all, be special providences to teach us the absolute need of economy and saving.

## The Blight of Humor.

HUMOR is a serious matter. We do not refer, in this observation, to the melancholy performances of the professional humorists, but to the fact that the average man, public or private, in almost any of the various walks of life, is heavily handicapped by the chance reputation of being a joker. Your funny man is somehow the object of universal suspicion. People may not laugh at his jokes, but they insist upon taking him lightly when he is in dead sober earnest. It is damaging to a man's self-respect to be taken seriously only when he plays the fool. Moreover, the hoodoo may extend to those who are near and dear to him—even to his pretty niece, as we infer from an action recently on trial before Justice Bookstaver, of the New York Supreme Court.

This action was brought by a young lady of musico-dramatic ambitions, against the College of Dentistry, for alleged malpractice on her teeth. The dental undergraduates practice upon the jaws of all comers who wish to have teeth pulled "without payin", though not without pain. They have a sign up, to that effect. The young lady in question did not see the sign, and as the embryo dentists incidentally charged her four dollars and seventy-five cents for fillings, she thought she was in a regular every-day repair-shop for human ivories. She was cruelly deceived when they committed the "error" of pulling out a sound molar, and breaking off two or three others which ought to have been extracted. The whole job was so bungled that, in addition to her sufferings in the chair, the victim's mastication was ruined and her singing voice impaired. She brought suit for five thousand dollars damages. The principal witness in her behalf was her uncle—a reputable and responsible person, but afflicted with that worst form of humor, the mania for practical joking. The defense lost no time in bringing out this compromising fact, and even showed up some of his characteristic jokes, which were all bad. One of these had consisted in using the Prince of Wales's name in connection with an alleged scheme to supply New York City with water from Niagara Falls. Another was the "engineering" of a tomat show, in which the humorist exhibited a female tomat and took first prize. Still another pleasantry of his had been the presentation, to a bridal couple, of several thousand dollars in bogus bonds. This latter, in particular the humorous author declared to be "a capital joke." It did not so impress the court. The result was disastrous to the cause of the fair plaintiff. In other words, the joke was on her, finally, and a rough joke it was.

But it proves, what we started out to say, that a little humor is a dangerous thing.

## A Naval Engagement.

NEWSPAPER indiscretion is not without its compensations. We have to acknowledge that it is continually lifting up corners of the curtain of life and affording us those glimpses of actuality, otherwise unattainable, which oftentimes constitute the greater part of what we call our experience, or knowledge of the world. This is especially true of love affairs, in which the interest is universal and perennial.

No recent work of fiction has had such popular vogue as the reports of the real case of the gallant young naval ensign who successfully wooed the young lady of his choice, despite the opposition of her wealthy and influential father, and was court-martialed as a result of the latter's representations to the Navy Department of the United States. The board of investigation quashed the charges made against the young officer, but a sympathizing public was even more prompt in triumphantly acquitting him of any and all charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The ensign acknowledges that he persisted in communicating with his sweetheart, that he visited her home in company with a brother-officer when they had leave of absence, and that, with the young lady's acquiescence, he would have married her then and there if possible. "But," he insists, "at no time did I defy parental authority. Nothing would have pleased me more than if her father had given his consent to our union and made our proceedings unnecessary. Even if my friend had induced Miss — to meet and marry me, I would have been delighted to see her father in the church at the ceremony. But the situation was simply this: I was engaged to Miss —; she was of age and so was I; we were both free agents and not subject to control of any sort that should have interfered with our selecting each other as life partners. I regarded it as my duty to keep



my promise and to marry her, and she regarded it as her duty to keep her promise and marry me. Such being the case, I did not understand that her father had anything to do with the matter, nor will I consider that he has any right to dictate to his daughter as to whom she shall marry until she gives him that right."

This is as straight and manly as the wealthy and influential parent's attitude is the reverse. Papa has acted a very unheroic part throughout the whole affair, and now he consistently follows it up by carrying off his daughter to Europe. But this will not cut any ice between the young people. Their friends on both sides declare that the ensign will remain faithful to his sweetheart, and from what has been discovered concerning the determination of the young lady, she will remain faithful to him. If he doesn't, then he ought to be court-martialed indeed.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE recent annual meeting of the Actors' Fund of America, at which Loui Aldrich was elected president to succeed A.



MR. WILLIAM WINTER.  
Courtesy of Macmillan Co.

M. Palmer, was signaled in its "open exercises" by some interesting talks from notabilities of the dramatic world. Of especial interest and charm were the remarks of William Winter, the veteran critic of the *New York Tribune*. Winter is far and away the best living American writer upon the drama: he is also a poet and *littérateur*, with works to his credit that might assure his fame independently of his life-work as a student and critic of the stage. He said, in discussing the relation between critic and actor, that actors should

never read reviews of their work, as in any case they would read either to useless vanity or bad feeling. The critic wrote entirely for his readers, and he accomplished most when he could interest them in his subject. But the critic should struggle to keep the stage free from corrupt influences in any case, and in the face of any great personality. Mr. Winter said that he had dared to denounce Salvini's *Othello*, as well as Fechter's *Hamlet*, because they were not from Shakespeare plays, as well as the early burlesques like the "Black Crook," not because they injured the moral instinct, but because they degraded the stage. He explained his opposition to Sarah Bernhardt on the ground that she wasted her great genius on the representation of base and wanton women, who made the play-house seem to him more like a mad-house than a temple of art.

—The proposal of the New Orleans ladies to erect a statue to Audubon in the park that bears his name in that city ought to arouse more than usual interest in New York, for it was here that he had the most beautiful of his homes. His old mansion occupies one of the choicest sites on Washington Heights, vying with the Jumel house in attractiveness, and many wheelmen, on their way up the boulevard, make a detour to get a closer view of it. The great naturalist's body lies near by, and his children live within a stone's-throw of the old home. His grave is not far from the tomb of his first patrons, the Astors, and there are various souvenirs of him about the city, including a few of the plates, massive in size, from which his wonderful book was printed. These are to be seen in the Museum of Natural History. It is a striking tribute to Audubon's fame that every woman's society organized in protest against the slaughter of birds for feminine ornament adopts his name at once without seeking further. And even abroad they do so, too.

—Monsieur Benjamin Constant is a great portrait-painter, and every year he seems to improve upon himself. The two por-



M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

traits which he sent to the Champs Elysées Salon this year were marvelous pieces of work, especially that of the late Duc d'Aumale, painted at the duc's estates at Chantilly, and showing the soldier-prince in riding costume, with his whip in his hand. M. Constant's work is well known in the United States, for he has painted the portraits of many Americans. His studio at 27 Rue Pigalle is a luxurious place, with leopard-skins on the floor, great carved cabinets and chairs, and a whole museum of rare curios. It is just across the court from his house, which, like his atelier, is beautifully arranged. Here Madame Constant holds her famous Sunday receptions, which are attended by the artistic and aristocratic world of Paris. One of Monsieur Constant's latest portraits is that of the late Eben D. Jordan, the Boston merchant, whose son, the present Eben D. Jordan, is the great art patron of Boston. Monsieur Constant has received the highest honors of the Legion of Honor, and the picture of him given here shows him in his uniform of the grand cross of the Order.

—General Dabney H. Maury gave some interesting reminiscences of Forrest before a Richmond camp of Confederate Veterans, recently, on the occasion of the presentation to the camp of his own portrait in oil. The former Confederate officer is now seventy-five years old, but surprisingly vigorous in mind and body. He is a striking figure, with his full head of curly white hair, and imperial, his straight features and brilliant eye. Altogether there is no livelier survivor among the general officers of the Confederacy, and none more typical in outward ap-

pearance of what a gallant soldier ought to be. The papers have printed recently a panegyric, from his pen, of General Joseph E. Johnston, the best beloved of the Southern leaders.

—That a little American girl, scarce out of her short clothes, should possess such musical power and feeling as to win golden

opinions from the great musical critics of Berlin is just cause for pride to most Americans. Miss Augusta Cattlow is a native of Shelbyville, Illinois, and hardly eighteen years of age. She has proved to be a musical genius from her very babyhood. At fourteen she was on a concert tour across this continent, earning applause and favorable criticism from the public and press. With a just ambition to achieve the highest perfection she crossed the ocean two years ago and introduced herself to the grave and uncompromising musical critics of Germany.

But American courage did not forsake her, and the second piano concert which she gave in the Kaiser's capital recently has brought forth unstinted praise, even from Herr Tappert, the most prominent critic there. The fact that Hermann Wolff's concert bureau has agreed to take Miss Cattlow on a tour through Germany is, perhaps, an indication of what is to be expected from this gifted girl.

—Benjamin C. Clark, of Boston, is a generous man, whose motive it is to help friendless prisoners in their defense. His latest exploit was in paying the costs of the Bram trial. No expense was spared in trying to prove Bram's innocence. With Mr. Clark it is not a question of guilt or innocence, but when the case of a poor, friendless man is brought to his attention and he fears the prisoner may not be likely to get the full benefit of the law, owing to his inability to employ counsel, it appeals to Mr. Clark, and he has very often interested himself in aiding accused men financially. While Mr. Clark is one of Boston's most liberal and practical philanthropists, and is a most bountiful giver, especially to the poor children of the city, he is also a club-man, an enthusiastic sportsman, the head of an immense cordage concern, a classmate of President Eliot, of Harvard, and is the Haytian consul at Boston. Yet it is doubtful if a thousand Bostonians know him personally, or have heard of him through the papers. He is such a modest man that it is with difficulty that he can be induced to talk about himself, and then he will tell you that he is not a public character, and what he does for charity and humanity he likes to do without any show whatever. Mr. Clark comes from a good old Boston family, his great-grandfather having been one of those engaged in the



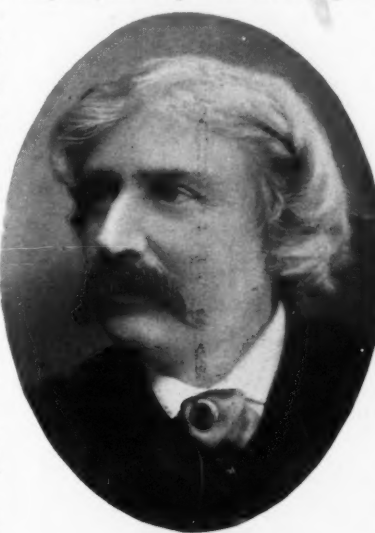
BENJAMIN C. CLARK.

famous "Boston Tea Party." But Mr. Clark is well known to the poor and unfortunate inmates of the penal institutions of the State, whom he visits and consoles with presents of flowers and trinkets, cheering them up with kind words and pointing out the way to do better. Not all of his work, however, is spent among the criminal classes. The sick little children of poor parents come in for a share of his attention, and more than one trip of the floating hospital has been paid for out of the pocket of this kind man. Mr. Clark is not a religious philanthropist, but this must not be understood as meaning that he is irreligious. Far from it. His charity and his humanity recognize no sect. He is a matter-of-fact business man of wealth, who believes in doing good when the power and the means are at one's command. Mr. Clark has a family, and lives on aristocratic Beacon Street in the winter and at Cohasset in the summer months.

—In his latest address on college athletics President Eliot took occasion to tell the Harvard students that he regarded golf as "an old man's game." The point of this remark seems to lie in the application of it, especially when it is considered that two of the most formidable golf champions in the land are young girls—Miss Beatrice Hoyt, whose triumphs on the Shinnecock and Morristown links are well known, and little "Johnnie" Carpenter, the girl of sixteen who vanquished Chicago's society ladies on the links a year ago, and is now one of the most expert players in Illinois. Meanwhile, W. D. Smedley, the bespectacled veteran of fifty-one years, who won the Chicago bicycle road-

race, has been doing a good deal to show that bicycling may be an old man's sport.

—Bret Harte, as every one knows, is cordially appreciated in England, and reciprocates the feeling. Aside from the genuine



BRET HARTE.

popularity on his merits, which is always grateful to an author, it is conceivable that, with his keen sense of humor, he must have a great deal of discreet fun in finding out what Englishmen think some of his writing means. For Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company's new complete edition of Bret Harte, a glossary of Westernisms and Spanish and mining terms has been specially prepared. The compiler relates that he "found in an English glossary of the present volumes the grave explanation that the phrase,

"handing in one's checks," referred to the change from the checked shirt of the frontier to the white shirt of civilization when the stranger came home."

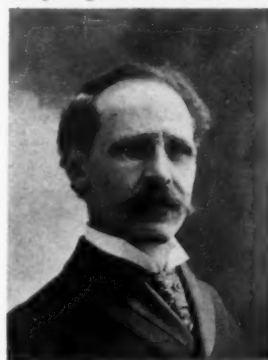
—Mark Twain really ought to come home and collect his life insurance. The newspapers have had him sick, and then dead—latterly they have modified it to dead broke. Br'er Twain, he jes' lies low in London and gets his new book out. As a matter of fact, our genial veteran is living in substantial luxury in the literary capital of the world, where he can most advantageously launch his new 'round-the-world story-book, and where, if he likes, he can enjoy that distinguished personal consideration which is denied prophets in their own country. His daughter is completing her musical education on the continent. Mr. Clemens has not taken a mansion on Carleton Terrace for the jubilee season, as most of the other distinguished Americans in London are doing, but he gets along somehow. An autographic sentiment of his, lately in circulation, is: "Be good, and you will be lonesome." His humoristic predecessor, Artemus Ward, who died from despair and over-exertion in trying to be funny in the heavy night air of British clubdom, had a similar idea when he said: "Be good, and you will be happy—but you won't have any fun."

—Among the American diplomats returning to this country about this time Judge Bartlett Tripp, of Cincinnati, who has

served for four years as minister to Austria-Hungary, is conspicuous. Not as conspicuous, to be sure, as Mr. Bayard, because our relations with Vienna are not as intimate as those with London, but conspicuous from the fact that Judge Tripp succeeded, in the difficult society of Vienna, in making a distinguished place for himself, notwithstanding the fact that he was as plain and unpretentious as the leaders of society in that very formal town are ostentatious and exclusive. It must not be thought from what has been said that Judge Tripp was rude or discourteous, as was the case with the minister who served us a few years ago in Rome, but he was truly American—refined without pretentiousness and dignified without formality. In Vienna he made many friends, who regret that his term should have expired so soon.

—Mr. L. N. Morris, who has just sold Manager Litt another play—a farce comedy called "Matilda"—for presentation in a New York theatre, is probably the youngest successful playwright in New York. He is still a couple of years "shy" of thirty, and since he began to try his hand at play-writing, three years ago, he has produced two other successful dramas—"Rival Candidates" and "The Last Stroke." "Matilda" was written in a week. Mr. Morris is an Illinoisan by birth, but he is probably more at home in Washington, where he is well known in society, than anywhere else. He is one of the many newspaper men who have graduated into dramatic authorship.

—Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, the popular lecturer on astronomy, has just gone abroad for a well-earned vacation, and also to



MR. GARRETT P. SERVISS.

gather new material for the lectures that he will deliver during the coming season. Mr. Serviss used to be a newspaper man, and he did long service—no pun intended—at the night desk of the *New York Sun*, where he used to edit the very dull copy that came from Long Island and New Jersey, infusing into it a sparkle which made it bright and conspicuous in the columns of that very clever journal. While doing this rather humdrum work, Mr. Serviss was preparing himself, by a study of the heavens, for the career in

which he has so brilliantly distinguished himself. His first book, which showed how the stars could be studied through an opera-glass, did more to make popular the study of his favorite science than any previous publication had done. It is gratifying to note that Mr. Serviss has been most abundantly successful on the lecture-platform, even at a time when many people say that the old Lyceum days are over.



## FLOWERS OF THE ROOF-GARDEN AND MUSIC-HALL.

VAUDEVILLE is the small change of comedy. The pieces are of lesser denomination, but they ring as true as the large coins, and a good deal more merrily. In the absence of stock companies and "producing" theatres, the variety stage serves as a nursery for growing talent that otherwise would remain undeveloped. It is not, as some pessimists would have us believe, a home for aged jokes and jokers: it is, rather, the infant-class

in farce-comedy, and already a native school of playwrights is springing up to meet its demands.

In New York this summer there are more music-hall and continuous entertainments than ever before, and fewer roof-gardens than there were last season, when their novelty had not yet palled. The standard of excellence, decorum, and good taste, at all these places, has been gradually raised—doubtless as

a result of the rebuke administered last winter by LESLIE'S WEEKLY—so that there is a choice of at least half a dozen light, bright, and clean bills from which to select, or to visit in successive "rounds of pleasure."

At Koster & Bial's—where Manager McConnell must have had a private tip on the recent bleak June weather and wisely kept his show in-doors—the star attraction is Emile Gautier, the aerial equestrian. The evolutions of his beautiful thoroughbred horse in mid-air are truly thrilling, and the originality of the performance has found well-deserved popular appreciation. Other approved features at this house recently have included petite Leola Mitchell, "the human doll," that can open and shut its eyes and sing sweetly; the Nichols sisters, "white, but colored," thoroughly artistic in the 'coon line; Merri Osborne, whose temperament does not belie her first name; and Maude Raymond, a piquant specimen of the female humorist.

Oscar Hammerstein, the thinker, is playing two strong cards at his crystal-roofed Olympian garden. One is the Octoroon serenaders, the other is Kara, the *fin-de-siècle* juggler. It was at one of Mr. Hammerstein's garden parties that the blonde and titled lady known to European court society and American vaudeville circuits as the Baroness Blanc lately made her professional debut with an original chansonnette of her own, entitled "The Widow who is Shy."

The Casino roof-garden, which is a revel of Moorish picturesqueness, made rather a poor start this season. Its *menu* was too hot and the weather was too cold. But it quickly got the range, and now hits Broadway fancy pretty accurately. The dancing of Catharina Bartho is a special distinction of the Casino, while Jeannette Dupré is an animating presence.

The up-town West Side has an uncommonly spacious and airy summer music-hall in the new St. Nicholas, which is full of refreshingly cool associations since it used to be an ice skating-rink. A very well-balanced programme is maintained there, and always offers good things enough to hold a large audience until near midnight without a suspicion of weariness. The current bill includes the comely young Californian singer with the astonishing name of Truly Shattuck, and Miss Hope Booth. Miss Booth, in her idealized classical poses, deserves a picture and a paragraph all to herself—which she shall have next week.



MAUDE RAYMOND.

MERRI OSBORNE.  
Photograph by Schloss.CATHARINA BARTHO.  
Photograph by Baker's Art Gallery."BARONESS" BLANC.  
Copyright by Schloss.

JEANNETTE DUPRÉ.



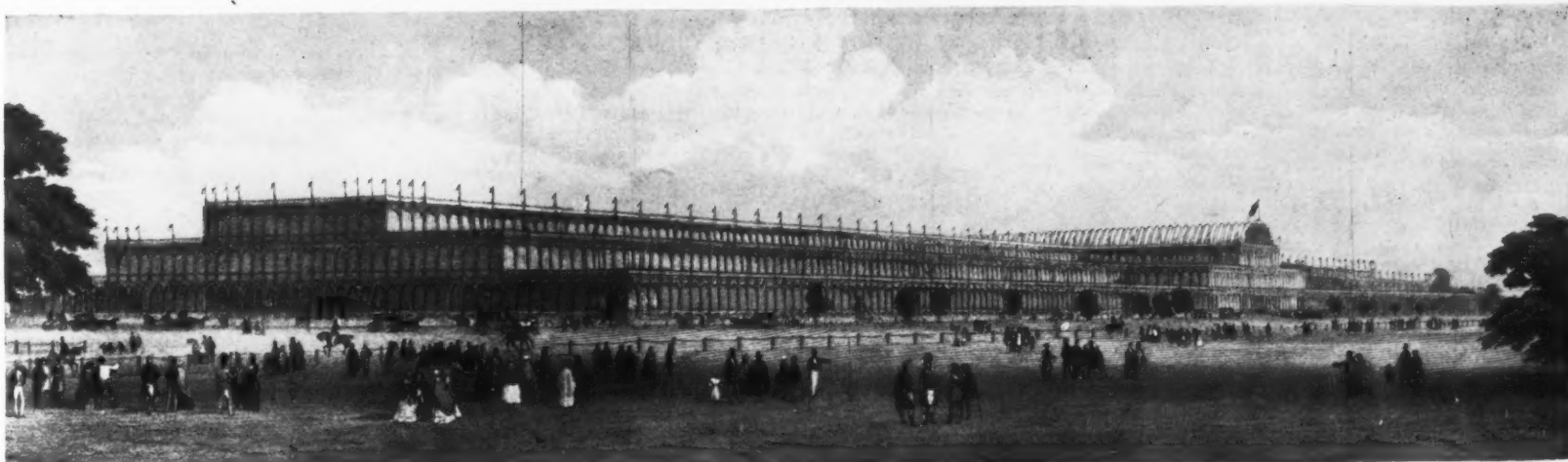
CHARLES ROSS AND MABEL FENTON.



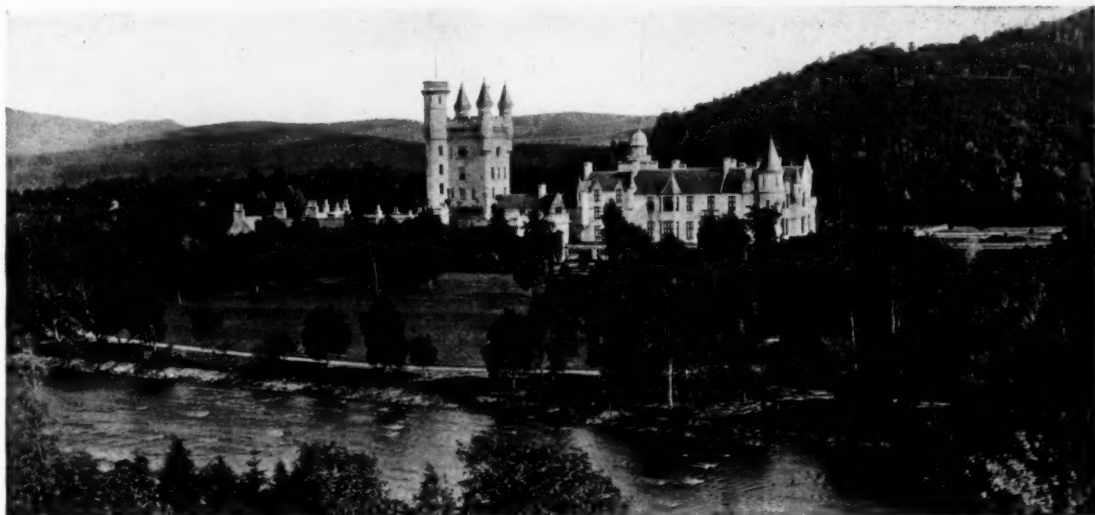
LEOLA MITCHELL, "THE LIVING DOLL."

THE NICHOLS SISTERS.  
Copyright by Schloss.





THE FAMOUS CRYSTAL PALACE.  
Building erected for the great international exhibition of 1851, organized by Prince Albert, the Queen's husband.



BALMORAL CASTLE.  
This is the private residence of the Queen in the Highlands of Scotland, and much endeared to her on account of its associations with Prince Albert.



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.  
This is a private residence of the Queen, and is a rather plain country place when compared with the homes of many of her Majesty's subjects.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WHEN A LAD.



THE QUEEN IN ITALY.  
Her Majesty has gone to Italy very frequently in the winter time. This photograph was made when she occupied the Villa Palmieri, near Florence, in February, 1893. She sat for the photographer in her sitting- or working-room. The conspicuousness of the waste-paper baskets is suggestive of the destination of many of the letters that reach her.



## THE VICTORIAN AGE.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE rather commonplace little German woman who succeeded to the throne of England in 1837 has given her name to the most important and the most interesting period in the world's history. During the sovereignty of Queen Victoria the world, in a sense, has been built entirely over again, as her reign has been the age of steam, the age of steel, the age of electricity, as well as the age of reason. During that reign, which will also quite generally be called the Victorian Age, the world's material wealth has increased more than it had done in all the preceding part of the Christian Era. Her name is therefore sure of a large and an abiding place in history, even though she personally has had little or nothing to do with the events, the happenings, and the achievements which have made her time so wonderful. The age will bear her name because she has been the sovereign of the most progressive people in Europe, and because she has occupied with quiet good sense and satisfying dignity the most solidly established throne in the world. She has been the figure-head of the ship of Progress; her portrait will be the frontispiece of the volume in which the startling adventures of the cruise are recorded.

Let us glance briefly at a few of the material things which have been achieved since the young Princess Victoria was called to the throne. There had been experiments in railroading for several years prior to her accession, but the railroad period did not really begin until 1838. It was years later than this before a traveler could take comprehensive journeys on steam railroads, and the ambassadors from the Court of St. James's in the early days of the reign much more generally used ordinary coaches than railway-cars to reach their posts. Fifty years later, when Victoria celebrated the first jubilee of her reign, there were used in the United Kingdom twenty thousand locomotives, the railroads employed four hundred thousand people, the roads were valued at five billion dollars, and earned four hundred million dollars a year. Here was a development from nothing. Looking at the concrete results as shown by the above figures, they seem marvelously large; but when we look at the other incidental results, then we are amazed beyond expression. Compare the difference in life, and what life means in the way of opportunities, between eight miles an hour of progress and fifty miles an hour. From London to Liverpool in the coaching days was a most serious journey of more than sixty hours, and not to be taken lightly because of the time and expense; now it is as nothing, and a man will take the journey without a second thought. And so it was, and is, as to journeys in every part of the civilized world. Suppose we could measure the man of action of to-day by the standard his grandfather would have used at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. The man of to-day would seem to have lived more and to have seen more than was comprised within the combined experiences of the three preceding generations.

The first year of Queen Victoria's reign a writer who was speculating on the effect that railroad transportation would have, said: "Preparations on a gigantic scale are now in a state of great forwardness for trying an experiment in steam navigation which has been the subject of much controversy among scientific men. Ships of an enormous size, furnished with steam-power equal to the force of four hundred horses and upwards, will before long have probably decided whether this description of vessels can, in the present state of our knowledge, profitably engage in transatlantic voyages. It is possible that these attempts may fail—a result, indeed, which is predicted by high authorities on this subject. We are more sanguine in our hopes; but should these be disappointed, we cannot, if we are to judge from our past progress, doubt that larger experience and a further application of inventive genius will at no very distant day render practicable and profitable by this means the longest voyages in which the adventurous spirit of man will lead him to embark." The hopeful sagacity of this writer was justified in the next year, for the *Sirius*, the *Great Western*, and the *Royal William* made voyages between England and America. The quickest passage was fifteen days, which was not greatly faster than the good voyages of the clipper-ships which had been built for speed; but the principle was proved, and there has never been any doubt since that ships propelled by steam could make "the longest voyages in which the adventurous spirit of man will lead him to embark." I am not unmindful that there had been previous passages of steamboats across the Atlantic, but the steam propulsion in those cases was but auxiliary to the sails. These experiments showed that sufficient coal could be stowed in the boats to make the necessary steam and leave room for ordinary freight. Two years later the Cunard line of steamships between Bristol and New York was established. Year by year the time between ports has been lessened by increasing the steam-power of the engines, until now a voyage of less than a week is the usual thing, and the ships have been made so splendid and comfortable that a trip across the ocean is a luxurious vacation, and the traveler enjoys all the delicacies of the table obtainable at the best hotels in the great capitals. The achievements in ocean transportation have not been the least remarkable of those of the Victorian Age. Naval architecture has indeed been entirely revolutionized both for the mercantile and the military marine. Steel has quite taken the place of wood as the material of construction in nearly all classes of boats, and the modern man-of-war is a fighting-machine of most devilish appearance, but quite probably of peace-compelling effect.

Two years after the accession of the Queen the chancellor of the exchequer, in bringing forward his annual budget, an-

nounced "it is expedient to reduce the postage on letters to one uniform rate of one penny (two cents) charged upon every letter of a weight to be hereafter fixed by law; Parliamentary privileges of franking being abolished and official franking strictly regulated; this House pledging itself at the same time to make good any deficiency of revenue which may be occasioned by such an alteration in the rates of the existing duties." Previous to this the rate of postage had been quite high and varied, both as to distance and weight and shape of letters. This reduction in the rate of postage represents the greatest social improvement effected by legislation in modern times. The old system led to the greatest grievances, and everywhere sprang up illicit conveyances of letters at lower rates than those charged by the government. But the proposed reduction was scoffed at as in every way wrong. When Rowland Hill, to whom England and the whole world—for the world has followed England in postal matters—owes cheap postage, submitted the idea in 1837 the postmaster-general, Lord Lichfield, said in the House of Lords that, of all the wild and extravagant schemes he had ever heard of, it was the wildest and most extravagant. There would be so many letters, he said, that the walls of the post-office would burst. But in a little while the change was made and the postal system was gradually improved until, forty years later, when the rate of postage was only half-penny, there was a free delivery of letters to every house in Great Britain. Figures sometimes show a truth with greater plainness than words. In 1837 the people of Great Britain paid six million dollars for carrying eighty million letters; now they send two billion for twenty

graph, then the electric telephone, then the electric light, then the electric motor, and so on and so on. A history of electrical development would be a very fairy-tale of science, and, though the achievements up to this time have been marvelous almost beyond belief, those who know most of the mysterious forces of Nature are agreed that the world is even at present only in the infancy of its knowledge in this branch of science. It is likely that in electrical development the Americans have been in the front from the beginning, and Edison has been the wizard of the Victorian Age. Probably our grandchildren will think we were simple folk to have been startled by the discoveries and inventions of this wonderful man.

In politics the most momentous happening of the Victorian era was the establishment of free-trade by Great Britain. Indeed, when the Queen came to the throne there was reform in the air. There had been no war of consequence since the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, and the minds of the people had been given a chance for introspection unvexed by the necessity for national defense against foreign encroachments. There was a disposition to do away with laws that abridged the rights of the subjects and which placed burdens upon trade and commerce. To bring about the repeal of such laws there was agitation for years, and some of the leaders in the movements were accused of sedition. One ministry after another hung back, but the people were persuaded that the continued prosperity of the kingdom depended upon the repeal of the laws imposing duties of a protective character on imports. They had been convinced of this by Cobden and Bright, of what was known as the Manchester school, which finally prevailed during the government of which Sir Robert Peel was the premier. Various changes were also made in the suffrage, each step being towards greater liberty. In the end manhood suffrage was not decreed, but it is not far from that. In the early part of the reign those who asked for greater freedom and petitioned Parliament for more liberal laws were called Chartists; they were regarded by the nobility and the upper middle class of England as revolutionists, and the right of meeting was denied to them, so that they were provoked to acts of violence, and the Chartist riots were thought by the pessimists to be the beginning of a reign of terror similar to the French Revolution. But the English people do not make good revolutionists; they are law-abiding by nature. So the riots never amounted to much of anything. The things the Chartists asked for have in the end all been granted by repeal after repeal of old laws. It is an interesting thing to note that the steps ahead politically and socially during this era have nearly all been the results of the repealing of laws which prevented progress. Legislatures appear not to be able to construct much that is good for anything. Their chief opportunities lie in the fact that they can undo the mistakes of their predecessors. During the whole of Victoria's reign there has been agitation for a change in the administration of Ireland. This agitation has been of various kinds, but so far nothing very considerable has been effected. The Irish party, too, has become much weakened by internal quarrels, and this Irish reform appears to be as far off as it was immediately after the union.

The reign of Victoria has been the most peaceful of any period of equal length in English history. England has taken part in but one war of consequence, that of the allies (England, France, and Turkey) against Russia on the Crimean Peninsula, and there have been only two wars of great consequence in Europe—the Franco-German war and the second war between Russia and Turkey. England has, of course, conducted various small campaigns outside of Europe, and some of these have cost her dear in life, in prestige, and even in honor. The first war of the reign was the Opium war with China, and it was as unjustifiable as any conflict of modern times. The Chinese wanted to be let alone, and they prayed to Europe and Europeans to stay away; the country's prayer to England and the rest of the Western world was that of Diogenes to Alexander: "Stand out of my sunshine." But China was too profitable a field for English trade for this prayer to be granted. The East India Company grew great quantities of opium in India. The great bulk of this was sold in China. Now the Chinese did not want opium brought into China because of the debasing effect of its use upon the people. They prohibited its importation; but the English traders took it there just the same, and the English commercial agents, who were invested with an official and diplomatic power, tried to compel the Chinese to let the trade go on. This was what led to the Opium war. Of course England won without much difficulty. Then she exacted an indemnity of something like twenty-five million dollars. Since then she has compelled the Chinese to permit the sale of opium from India. At the same time she has compelled the Chinese to grant hospitality to Christian missionaries. The next disturbance of a warlike nature was in Afghanistan, and here also England played but a sorry part. The ruler of Cabul was Dost Mahomed, a man of energy, resource, and ability. The English authorities in India took it into their heads that Dost Mahomed was false to English interests and secretly plotting to advance those of Russia. This idea was entertained notwithstanding the contrary opinion of the English agent in Afghanistan. Of the sixteen thousand men who went from Jelalabad to conquer Cabul, only one returned. A new army, under General Pollock, marched into Afghanistan and beat the Afghans in every encounter. He recaptured Cabul and destroyed the bazaar. The European women and children who were in captivity were released, and then Lord Ellenborough, the governor-



From a photograph.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

million dollars—that is, they do twenty-five times as much writing, or, rather, get twenty-five times as much service, for less than four times as much money; or, in other words, the postal facilities have increased more than seven hundred per cent. during the Victorian Age. The example of England in her postal administration has been of incalculable value to the civilized world. When cheap postage was first started Sydney Smith spoke of it as the nonsensical penny-post scheme, and said: "I admire the Whig ministry and think they have done more good than all the ministries since the Revolution; but these concessions are sad and unworthy marks of weakness, and fill reasonable men with alarm." It is pleasant to record, after this quotation from the witty and genial Sydney Smith, that another literary man devoted much of the best of his life to the reform and betterment of the postal service, and Anthony Trollope was prouder of having made the free-delivery system universal in Great Britain than of the fame that came to him from the pleasant and truthful tales that he wrote.

It was in the first year of Queen Victoria's reign that Morse gave the first exhibition of his magnetic-electric telegraph; that year he applied for patents in America and in the European countries, and petitioned Congress for an appropriation to build a telegraph line. In the European countries, except France, a patent was refused to him; in France the patent was granted and then appropriated by the government. It is scarcely worth while to review the achievements in the utilization of electricity—to enumerate a few of them is enough. First, we had the tele-



general, withdrew the army and released Dost Mahomed from captivity. He said that it was inconsistent with the principles and policy of the British government "to force a sovereign on an unwilling people." Soon Dost Mahomed was again Shah of Cabul, and nothing whatever had been gained by this silly, disastrous, and unnecessary war.

After forty years of peace the Eastern question loomed up in the early 'fifties as a serious menace. Russia, by reason of the similarity of her race and religion with the Christians of the Ottoman empire, was in chronic antagonism with Turkey. The



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Powers of Europe felt that it would be dangerous, fatally dangerous, to permit the dismemberment of the Sultan's empire. Though England condemned the actions of the unspeakable Turk towards his Christian subjects, she still felt compelled to support the Sultan as against the Czar. Negotiations as to the misunderstanding of treaty which Russia maintained gave her the right to protect Christians in Turkey failed, and Russia sent two divisions across the Pruth into Moldavia and Wallachia. Then Turkey declared war. In the fighting on land the Turks had a brilliant victory at Oltenitza, but in the harbor of Sinope the Russians destroyed the whole of the Turkish fleet. This disaster to Turkey had a queer effect on the English. They appeared to think that Turkish victories were all right, but that a Russian success was immoral, not according to the rules of war, and altogether to be resented. The English heart was all for war, and the country was in a blaze of enthusiasm. Louis Napoleon was also anxious to take a hand. He wanted to keep the minds of the French people away from home, and he made an alliance with England to prevent Russia from putting a stop to Turkish atrocities similar to those committed on the Armenians in 1895 and 1896. In February, 1854, both England and France sent ultimatums to St. Petersburg. The Emperor Nicholas accepted the gage of battle, and the Crimean war was begun. I shall not review that war, which showed to England that her army was miserably organized and very poorly commanded. There was no soldier in high command in either the French or English army who showed any marked ability. Indeed, the only great military reputation made by the war was that of the Russian defender of Sevastopol, General Todleben. The quartermaster's and commissary departments of the English army broke down almost completely, and the army suffered more from exposure and hunger than from the bullets of the enemy. The hospital service was also most wretched, and the plague-stricken soldiers died in great numbers without medical effort to save them. It was to remedy this that Florence Nightingale went to the peninsula. Her work will be remembered as the best that was done during this war. While the English soldiers were badly commanded in the Crimea, they showed their usual capacity for fighting. What men could do they did, and, indeed, one performance—the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava—will be celebrated in song and story forever. On that occasion, through a mistaken order, the Light Brigade of six hundred and seven men in all charged what has been described as "the Russian army in position." Of the six hundred and seven men, one hundred and ninety-eight came back. Every English-speaking school-boy knows the verses that Tennyson wrote of this charge at Balaklava. Probably, however, the remark of the French general, Bosquet, was the best epitaph of this awful blunder. He said: "It was magnificent, but it was not war." The Russians made a stubborn and a skillful resistance to the armies of the allied Powers, but the fortunes of war were against them, and the Emperor Nicholas died of a broken heart over the defeat of his armies and the blasting of his hopes and ambitions. A treaty of peace was entered into in February, 1856.

The Crimean war had another serious consequence for England. The people in India were in a state of extreme dissatisfaction and ready to revolt. Rumors came to them of English defeats in the Crimea, and also of disasters to English supremacy in China; there is little doubt that the Indian subjects of the Queen believed that England's power had been broken, and they thought that this was the time for retaliation. It has been said that the mutiny in the Sepoy troops in India was due to the grease on the Enfield-rifle cartridges. This grease, it was said, was made of a mixture of cow's fat and hog's lard. Now, the Hindoo regards the cow with religious veneration, and the Mohammedan looks upon the hog with utter loathing. In the mind of the former something sacred to him was profaned; in that

of the latter something unclean and abominable was forced upon his daily use. Whether this was the cause of the mutiny or not, it is certain that the rising was religious in its character. The Enfield rifles were sent out from England in 1856; it was in May, 1857, that the native troops in Meerut broke into open mutiny. These mutineers fled along the road to Delhi, where they burst into the palace of the aged king and begged his protection. They insisted on his accepting their cause and themselves. They proclaimed him Emperor of India and planted the standard of rebellion against English rule on the battlements of his palace. "They had found in one moment a leader, a flag, and a cause, and the mutiny was transfigured into a revolutionary war." The revolution quickly spread, the native troops deserted, and the Europeans in India were in a panic of apprehension. They were but a handful among millions of excited religious fanatics. The story of Delhi, of Lucknow, and of Cawnpore is familiar to all. It must be said that at this time of danger and anxiety the English character showed out strong and splendid. Every man, from Lord Canning, the governor-general, to the lowest corporal of the line, appears to have done his duty, whether it was to live or to die, with a cheerful courage admirable to remember. Sir James Outram, Sir John and Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Colin Campbell, Sir Henry Havelock—these were the heroes of those fearful days in India when one white man had to contend against a hundred brown fanatics. If the revolutionists had had one leader of ability English rule in India would have been overcome before assistance could have arrived from home. As it was, the rebellion was practically suppressed by the forces in the East when it began. On the 20th of December, 1858, Sir Colin Campbell, who had become Lord Clyde by creation, announced to the governor-general that the campaign was over. Since then there have been few outbreaks in India, the only one at all serious having been in 1892. Just before the mutiny in India the English, under Sir James Outram, whipped the Persians, who sued for peace. They also chastised the Chinese for interfering with the pirate-boat *Arrow*, while flying the British flag.

The next British military movement was against the King of Abyssinia, who held in captivity various British subjects, and



QUEEN VICTORIA AT EIGHTEEN.

who also cheerfully sent to prison all the emissaries who came to him to negotiate for the release of his prisoners. The expedition was planned and conducted by Sir Robert Napier, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala, and his army marched to the capital of Abyssinia on schedule time, did their work, and returned with the precision of machinery. The business-like method of this achievement was admirable, and so aroused the enthusiasm of Mr. Disraeli that he promptly made himself the laughing-stock of England by declaring that Lord Napier had led the elephants of India, bearing the artillery of Europe, through African passes which might have startled the trappers of Canada and baffled the hunters of the Alps, and "the standard of St. George had been hoisted on the mountains of Rasselas." The idea that Dr. Johnson had these very mountains in mind when he wrote "Rasselas" was delicious. On the next occasion when the Eastern question arose, France was in no condition to take any considerable part in preventing the dismemberment of Turkey, her strength having been most seriously curtailed by the Germans under Von Moltke. England did not care to go alone with Turkey against Russia, and Turkey was, therefore, seemingly left to her fate, to struggle single-handed against the armies of the Czar. And she made a splendidly stubborn resistance. Russia, however, was the conqueror. The Czar was not suffered to do as he chose, but the whole Eastern question was taken up by a conference of the Powers at Berlin, where a treaty was made which Disraeli, who, with Lord Salisbury, represented England, said secured to England "peace with honor." Before this treaty the English became very warlike, and the concert-halls, which reflect English feeling with as much promptness and accuracy as the newspapers, were noisy with patriotic songs. It was then that the word "jingo" began to be applied to those who favored a militant foreign policy.

The next war was that in South Africa against the Zulus. Cetewayo, the Zulu king, was provoked and badgered into a war with the English because his people appeared to stand in the way of the extension of British possessions. Cetewayo was conquered, but he inflicted a fearful blow on the English and defeated them in open fight in January, 1879. This was Eng-

land's first defeat in South Africa, but not the last. The civilized and uncivilized in that section of the world have learned that the all-conquering English are but human. Since then, in one war, the Boers of the Transvaal have beaten the English as signally as the Americans beat them in New York and Virginia in the eighteenth century. The Soudan campaign, to suppress the Egyptian rebellion and at the same time break up the African slave trade, will always remain a blot upon the pages of English history. It is but a record of indecision and of error. General Charles George Gordon, popularly known as "Chinese" Gordon, went to Khartoum to take command. The English permitted him to be shut up there and murdered while they debated as to what was the best way to go to his relief. When they got there it was too late. They suppressed the rebellion, but at a frightful cost. It is interesting to note that the English in their military movements during the Victorian era have nearly always in the end succeeded, but the successes, with the exception of Napier in Abyssinia, and of Campbell, Outram, and Havelock in India, have always been the mere triumph of brute force. It is fortunate, indeed, for England's glory that the reign of Victoria has been so peaceful. Her individual soldiers in action have fought always with a magnificent courage, but her troops have generally been commanded by men who seemed only to need opportunities to demonstrate their incapacity.

In the diplomatic part of Victoria's reign there is one episode which will always be recalled as of special honor to the chief actors in it. When the war of the Rebellion began in America the ruling classes—that is, the nobility, the gentry, and the upper middle class—were strongly in favor of the Southern Confederacy. Just at the beginning this feeling was made most intense by the unwarranted action of Captain Wilkes, of the United States Navy, who stopped the British steamer *Trent* and took from her two passengers, Mr. Slidell and Mr. Mason, who were on their way to Europe to act as Confederate diplomatic agents. This was a direct attack on the British flag, and could easily have been magnified into a *casus belli*. In the correspondence that ensued it was the Queen, at Prince Albert's instigation, who insisted on a temperate forbearance; and it was Mr. Lincoln himself who insisted that, as we had done a wrong and an indefensible thing, we should say so with candor and frankness. The actions of the English Queen and the American President prevented war, but neither nor both of them could prevent the assistance that the English people gave to the South in its efforts to break up the Union. The most open assistance was that of the *Alabama*, an English ship manned by English sailors, which flew the Confederate flag and preyed so effectively upon American commerce as practically to drive it from the seas. After the war the Americans demanded damages and the English agreed to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration. The award of the court was given to the United States, and the British paid the judgment. Since then there have been other courts of arbitration, and the peace societies of Europe and America are hopeful that the antidote to war has been discovered and successfully applied.

In literature the Victorian Age has been great, though not so great as in the Georgian era, and not nearly so great as during the Elizabethan age. No dramatist of the first class has contributed to the English stage, and only one really great poet—Tennyson—is identified with what is called Victorian literature. In history there have been great writers, specially Carlyle, Buckle, and Froude. The novelists have wrought more for the lasting honor of the time than any other literary artists. Among them there are great names, though Thackeray is easily the first; after him—there is no effort to rank them in order of greatness—come Dickens, Eliot, Hardy, Meredith, Reade, Collins, Stevenson, Trollope, Brontë, Blackmore, and so on and on through a list too long to enumerate. Huxley, Darwin, Tyn-



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

dall, and Herbert Spencer all are literary men; indeed, they have given a new kind of literature to the world—a literature in which the truths and the speculations of science and philosophy are treated of with the style of the great masters of expression. The Queen has also contributed to the literature of her reign; her books are not great achievements, however, in an artistic way, but they endeared her to her people, for they showed her to be plain, unimaginative, honest, and thoroughly commonplace—the kind of person, indeed, in whom every middle-class matron in England could see something of herself.



## THE PSYCHIC NEGATIVE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

## I.

"I AM afraid I shall not live to know the result of the experiment," said the wife of the young professor. "I don't feel nearly so strong to-day as I did yesterday. Besides I have a sort of presentiment that—" She went no further, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

The brow of Professor Dunlap contracted in a troubled frown. He glanced questioningly at his gray-haired colleague, and rose and went to her bed.

"Don't say such things, darling," he said, softly, touching her forehead gently with his hand. "Do—do you suppose I would care for the outcome of any experiment if—if you were taken from me?"

"But you ought to, dear," cried the woman, in mild surprise, "for if this experiment proves conclusively that the human soul is a tangible entity, then you would know that we need not long be separated. I know, dear, that I am dying; my life seems almost gone, and if I only knew—actually *knew*—that I should live again, to die would not be so very hard. Oh, dear, prove it to me before I go!"

Dr. Randolph approached the bed, smiling like a father to his child.

"That fact is already established, my dear," he said, with twitching lips. "We only wished to produce the psychic negatives in the interest of the progress of science—to be able to demonstrate the great truth to doubters not sufficiently spiritual to comprehend what we ourselves feel."

Mrs. Dunlap sighed as if unsatisfied, and turned her feeble glance on her husband.

"When do you intend to kill the dog?" she asked.

Dunlap hesitated a moment before replying, his eyes following Dr. Randolph to a window where the old man had gone and stood looking into the street.

"We concluded to wait till you were stronger," answered the young professor. "The doctor says it is best to lay it all aside for a while—till—till you are stronger. We want you to help us, you see."

A faint smile touched the wan features, then it passed away and her face became serious and resolute.

"You need not keep up your acting longer," she sighed. "I am dying. Surely, darling, you will not refuse my last, earnest request. I want to know the result of that experiment before I go. Oh, it has been so interesting! I have never allowed you to see how completely it has absorbed me from the first day it was mentioned."

Dr. Randolph came to the aid of his speechless friend. His eyes were moist, his face had altered in its expression.

"You may stay with her," he said. "Her wish must be gratified. We can refuse the little woman nothing. Remain here; I can manage it alone in the adjoining room. The plates are all ready. It will consume only a few minutes."

The invalid smiled; her dull eyes began to twinkle with an unnatural light. "Be sure you use ether, doctor. If he should suffer I couldn't stand it."

"It will be the sweetest sleep the dog ever had," replied the old man, soothingly. "Now be quiet and try not to think about it. I'll let you both see the result; I'll bring the negatives as soon as I can develop them."

"You intend to put the plates on his heart and head also?" asked the woman. "Tell me about it; it all seems to be mixed in my head. Yesterday it was so clear."

"Yes," answered the doctor; "they will be fastened over his heart and brain, and I shall change them rapidly to get different impressions at all stages of decreasing vitality till life is wholly extinct."

"What a pity it could not be tried on a human being," said Mrs. Dunlap. "It is not quite satisfactory as it is."

"We could not commit murder, even for the sake of science," replied Dr. Randolph. "Besides, you must remember the dog is very intelligent; his psychic force will more nearly resemble that of a human being than any other subject obtainable. Now, rest quietly; I shan't be long."

Professor Dunlap sat on the side of the bed and softly stroked the hand of his wife. He could see the old man as he passed to and fro in the next room, a large laboratory. Then he heard the low whine of a dog and felt the hand of the invalid twitch in his.

"Oh, stop it!" she cried. "I didn't know what I was doing. Don't let him kill poor Fritz. Stop him!"

Professor Dunlap sprang up and started to the door, but the doctor had heard her voice, and ran in excitedly, holding a prepared photographic plate in his hands. His eyes fell on the face of the invalid.

"Too late," he said. "My boy, she is going fast. Brace yourself. It was inevitable." He leaned the plate against some medicine bottles on a table near the bed and bent over his patient. Her eyes were closing drowsily; she was making little gasps for breath.

"Is it so bad?" asked Dunlap.

"Yes, she is already unconscious. Don't speak to her. It would do no good."

Mrs. Dunlap was now motionless. The doctor bared her breast and put his ear to her heart to see if it were still beating.

The young professor sank into a chair at the table. He could

see his haggard face reflected vaguely in the plate the doctor had left there. He had been watching by the bedside of his wife for the last week, and was completely exhausted. His head sank to his breast. Presently the old doctor came to him and touched him lovingly on the shoulder.

"It's all over, my boy," he said. "It was absolutely without pain. You have all the sympathy of my heart. I loved her, too."

Dunlap looked up, a dazed expression in his eyes.

"Are you sure?" he asked, mechanically.

"Yes; it's all over."

Dunlap's glance fell on the photographic plate before him. He started, shuddered, and then leaned forward and took it into his hands.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "what—what does this mean? There she is!"

The old man took the plate into his hands. He examined it closely, and then, shaking his head dubiously, he took it to a window.

"I see nothing," he said, turning. "You must have imagined it."

Dunlap was bending over his dead wife. He stood erect as the doctor approached, and glanced at the plate.

"I still see it plainly," he said, wearily. "I presume when I can think normally I shall be glad to have it. Go into the dark room and develop it. It is her astral body. We have even better proof than we were searching for."

With a troubled glance at his friend, the doctor left the room

"I see nothing," he said, giving the plate to the doctor and sitting down reflectively. Presently he grasped both arms of his chair and grunted. "Where is Dunlap?" he asked, excitedly.

"In the adjoining room, where his wife died," answered the doctor. "He has scarcely left it since her burial. He is acting very strangely; I am afraid his mind is a little upset. There never was a more devoted husband."

"Bring him—ask him to come in here," said the German, beginning to walk to and fro nervously.

The doctor came in with Dunlap, and the German held the plate up before the eyes of the latter.

"Mr. Dunlap," he said, in a tone of considerable suspense, "do you still see anything there?"

"The luminous form of my wife," answered Dunlap. "It is very clear. Yesterday I could see myself also, but that has faded out. She is still in the same position, bending over me as I leaned on the table. The plate was before me when she expired. I understand it, if you don't."

"The plate had just been prepared for the experiment with the dog, of which I told you," explained Dr. Randolph.

The dark eyes of the German were sparkling excitedly.

"Monsieur Gerard, who was the laughing-stock of investigators, last spring claimed, you remember, that astral photographs could only be discerned by people in the most absolute and closest affinity with the soul photographed. Something at the time—something in the man's intensely high spirituality—made me suspect that he was the sanest man at the convention."

STANLAWS



"What does this mean? There she is!"

just as the woman nurse and a maid came in, in answer to his ring. He found Dunlap in the library a few minutes later.

"I still see nothing," he said, holding up the negative in the light of a window.

The young professor glanced at it.

"You don't see that?" he exclaimed. "Why, there she is. And now I see myself very faintly. She is bending over me as if she were trying to put her arms around me. She is all aglow with light, hope, consolation."

"I still see absolutely nothing," repeated the doctor, wonderingly. "Can it be hallucination?"

"No, it is there," said Dunlap, wearily. "Put it away, but be very careful with it."

## II.

THE day after the burial of Mrs. Dunlap Dr. Randolph was in the laboratory of the young professor talking to Herr Goetz, the celebrated German scientist, about the strange hallucination of Dunlap's in regard to the astral negative of his dead wife.

"Let me see the plate," said Herr Goetz.

Dr. Randolph produced it.

The German scientist put on his glasses, examined the plate in the electric light, and then, with a slow shake of his bushy head, he took it to a window. He parted the heavy curtains and looked at it closely. In a moment he brought it back.

"You think, then, that Dunlap may be right?" gasped the doctor; "that the picture of Mrs. Dunlap is really there?"

"I know it's there," broke in Dunlap, impatiently, a far-away expression settling on his face. "It is the sublimated form of my wife. Thank God, she is not dead, any more than I am! She is more alive; that's all."

"I have an idea," said Dr. Randolph, taking a deep breath. "I should like to throw a Röntgen ray from my improved lantern through the plate to see if it would bring out anything to our sight."

"I have no objection," said Dunlap, on whom they had both turned glances of inquiry. "If only it will show you what I already see I shall be satisfied."

Dr. Randolph darkened the room by drawing all the curtains. It was as if night had fallen suddenly. Then by the electric light he and Herr Goetz placed on a tripod in the centre of the room a large magic-lantern and let down from the ceiling a wide white cloth. This they sprayed with water till it was wet. Then they turned to Dunlap, who was reclining in an easy-chair near the lantern.

"Are you ready?" Herr Goetz called out to him.

"Yes, I am ready." The young professor answered as if he were roused from deep meditation.

Dr. Randolph turned out the electric light over the table. The room was totally dark. There was no sound except that



made by the muffled steps of the doctor as he went to the wall to turn on the Röntgen ray. For an instant a dazzling bar of light shot from the sliding door of the lantern and then disappeared as the doctor closed the opening.

"Are you sure the plate will fit the lantern?" asked Herr Goetz.

"Yes, it was made for it; we had them prepared, you know, for the experiment with the dog."

"I see. Dunlap, are you ready?"

There was no reply.

Goetz groped through the darkness to the young man and touched him.

"What is it?" asked Dunlap, rousing up.

"You were asleep; what's the matter?"

"Was I? I don't know; I—I feel strangely."

"What do you mean?"

"I feel as if I am going to die."

"Rubbish! Now watch the screen; if we can't see anything, perhaps you can."

There was a clicking sound in the lantern.

"The plate is in all right," said Dr. Randolph. "I hope I won't bungle it. Keep your eyes on the curtain. Don't let him go to sleep again, Goetz. He is totally exhausted."

A tiny search-light shot from the lantern; a spot no larger than a silver dollar darted over the surface of the cloth till it in the end came to a stop in the centre.



"HE IS DEAD."

"Now," said the doctor, "I can increase the space to any size to suit our purpose. See?"

The spot of light began to grow till it was a dazzling disk about twenty feet in diameter.

"How's that?" asked the doctor.

"About right," replied the German.

"What's the matter with Dunlap?" asked Dr. Randolph.

"Asleep again?"

"I'm watching," said Dunlap, in a faint, wearied tone. "Hurry up; somehow all this seems to be sapping my vitality."

"All right," replied the doctor. "Now I shall lower the light, slide the plate into position, and gradually turn on the ray."

A hissing sound came from the lantern, the disk on the curtain faded till it looked like the full moon seen through a thin cloud, and then the light almost disappeared as the doctor put the plate into place.

"Now," he said, "I'll turn on the light."

The outlines of the disk appeared first, then the whole turned to the color of the sky on a moonless night. It was exactly as if they were looking out into infinite space through a great round window.

"By Jove, that's strange!" exclaimed Randolph.

"Why don't you raise the light?" asked Goetz.

"It's on now full force," replied the doctor. "I can't understand it. Why, it looks as if there were stars coming into sight. I wonder—"

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of the young professor. "I see her! Oh, she's alive—a thousand times more beautiful than ever before! She is standing out alone in space, slowly moving with the stars. Beyond her is light—light endlessly beautiful. Oh, friends, now I understand what light is—it is life everlasting. She is of it; she is moving to it. It seems to be of the same quality as that in the lantern, yet endless—luminous spirit."

Goetz and the doctor were horrified by his words. They saw him rise and bend forward with clasped hands, but in the darkness they could not see the expression of his face.

"Turn off the light," cried Goetz. "I am afraid his mind is really upset. But hold! Monsieur Gerard claimed that—my God! could he have been right? Dunlap, do you really see your wife?"

"As never before," answered Dunlap with fervor. "Gentlemen, on my honor I would suffer a life of agony to witness this. There is a life of which no imagination has ever dreamed. I can't describe what I see. I can only shout for joy."

Dr. Randolph was alarmed.

"Shall I turn off the light?" he asked the German. "I want to see Dunlap. I really am afraid—"

The young professor groped towards the lantern and laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"Not yet," he said. "When this light goes out I shall die."

"What do you mean?" gasped the doctor, aghast.

"I mean that I am now breathing—living on the light which connects me with my wife. She gets it from the vast effulgence beyond her. The stream of light from the lantern seems a million miles long. It passes through the wall. There is no

wall. She is very far away, but is smiling and beckoning me to her."

There was dead silence for a minute. The German broke it with a wavering voice.

"I have been unable to see her," he said.

"Don't you see her, doctor?" asked the young professor, in a voice almost as low as a whisper.

"I do not, my boy."

"Then," said Dunlap, "it is as Monsieur Gerard claimed. Such things can only be discerned through the eye of an affinity. Gentlemen, mark my words. I believe I am the first human being that has ever spoken from the very border of the spirit-land. That light is my life. It is failing, and when it is out I shall be dead to you."

The two scientists gazed at him in awe.

Dunlap extended his hand to the doctor.

"Test my pulse," he said.

Randolph took it and held it for a minute.

"My heavens, it is gone!" he cried. "Let me listen to your heart."

"It is almost still," said the young professor. "As soon as I began to live on the light I felt it growing weaker and weaker. My blood is turning cold. You have a great truth to tell the world, but few will believe you. I am soon to join my wife, and ahead of us is—light—light everlasting!"

Dr. Randolph put his ear to Dunlap's heart. He held it there for a moment, then he drew himself up and said:

"Goetz, for God's sake light the gas!"

"Don't do it," said Dunlap: "that is, if you want me longer with you. The slightest change would kill me. I tell you I am barely alive."

Another moment of awful, silent uncertainty. Then the doctor caught his breath.

"Get him a chair, Goetz," he said. "He is unable to stand."

Dunlap laughed drowsily as the German brought a chair and placed it under him.

"It's funny that you two take it so gloomily when I am so happy. You don't seem to realize that you have proof—absolute proof—of another existence, and that I am going to her."

Dr. Randolph put his arms round the young man and eased him down into the chair.

"You must not stand," he said.

They heard Dunlap's laugh. It seemed to come from the bar of light streaming from the lantern rather than from Dunlap's lips.

"You seem to treat it with a great deal of consideration." The voice was plainly Dunlap's, but it seemed to spring from the disk on the wall, like a parentless echo.

"Treat what?" asked the doctor.

"My body; I care nothing for it since I left it, but perhaps you don't realize that I am no longer—"

There was a snapping sound in the lantern. The light went out.

"Light the gas, Goetz," said the doctor as he bent over the young professor. "He is dead."

## Jade, the Fortunate.

THE fashionable bracelet just now is of jade, a smooth, sea-green stone, most becoming to a white arm. The latest trinket in the way of chatelaine or girdle appointment is of jade. The ring to hold the pencil-case, shopping-list, purse, memoranda, vinaigrette-bottle, the parasol handle, shows a bit of jade. The girdle-clasp is made of it, and vases, snuff- and jewel-boxes, miniature idols, daggers, and sabres of jade are scattered about the smoking-rooms, Oriental dens, and studios now fitted up in luxurious homes.

Jade is the Chinese *yu*-stone, for ages regarded with superstitious veneration. The reverse of the opal, only good fortune attends its possessor, and whosoever bestows a gift of jade endows the recipient with a talisman against fate. "As you wish" is the symbol of the Chinese *joo-ee*, or wand of authority, made of jade, presented by a great official at the installation of an incoming dignitary; and, although only the finest *joo-ees* are of jade, those for less exalted purposes being of rock crystal, metal, or even wood, the sentiment is the same—"good will," "entire sway."

The Chinese minister's visit to the Western world last summer created a craze for rich dyes and purple hues that has not yet paled in Fashion's fancy. The green bracelets and bangles on the summer girl's arm this season will be another tribute to the Oriental fad. My lady's hair is arranged *à la* Japanese, Oriental hangings are on her walls and about her couch, and the mystical stones of the empire of the Dragon clasp her girdle and measure the rounded taper of her arms.

The very first weights and measures of the Chinese world were computed by means of jade tubes, and the earliest bars or intervals of music known to that nation were determined first by hollow bamboo canes of accurate length, afterwards perpetuated in jade tubes having stops within, to be pulled out at the will of the player. Jade being considered infallible, its accuracy was not apt to be caviled at.

Research reveals interesting traditions concerning jade. Not only the Chinese, but the Spaniards and Mexicans, regarded the stone as an amulet against disease, particularly diseases of the loins and stomach, and fits of epilepsy. In some instances the finder of an isolated piece of jade was supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers, such a piece being regarded as a holy thing fallen from Jupiter—the name that the treasure is called

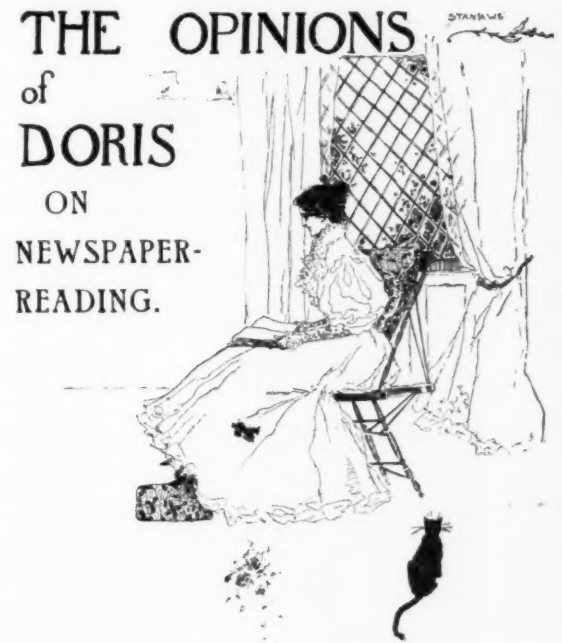
by, translated into English, meaning "thunderbolt." Quetzacoatl, the great high-priest and law-giver of Mexico, was believed to owe his birth to the occult influence of a piece of jade hidden in the bosom of the goddess Chimalma.

The Chinese value their jade carvings so highly that they are not often spared from the country. At times of national calamity, such as the culmination of the late war between Japan and China, the Western importers and jewelers have a chance to buy certain of the treasures. Jade is costly because not commonly found, and because it is exceedingly hard to work or to set gems in. A good deal of it now comes from New Zealand, where numerous superstitions attach to it. Grotesque figures of jade, having glaring red eyes, are worn on the breasts of savage warriors, and hatchets, sabres and daggers of jade are owned by every Eastern soldier of rank, to be handed down as precious heirlooms to his descendants.

In China, when an unusually large piece of jade is found, the emperor calls a council of artists to determine into what shape it had best be carved, as, owing to its extreme hardness, the form selected must follow somewhat the outline indicated in the natural formation. The artist chosen will be made a mandarin if his carving is approved after having been subjected to public criticism for a year. If his work is condemned he is likely to lose his head, and certainly his reputation. With a thin piece of finely-tempered brass wire he may work for a week without having anything to show for his pains. Twenty years is not thought over-long for an artist to work on a single piece of carving. The jade is generally green, but some specimens show beautiful gradations of rose and orange veining the mass.

OLIVE F. GUNBY.

## THE OPINIONS of DORIS ON NEWSPAPER-READING.



"You puzzled me in many ways when we were first married," said Harry one day. We had been turning the leaves of one rather brief part together. "But nothing astonished me so much as the fact that you liked to read newspapers."

"Why should that astonish you?"

"Because they are not particularly delightful reading."

"The descriptive adjective lies with the reader. They are wonderful reading! They give us the romances and poems of life at first hand."

"And the satires and tragedies."

"Yes, the satires and tragedies. The shadows as well as the lights of the great picture. Imagine a picture without shadows!"

"But horrors, revolting crimes, and villainies are certainly not quite fit reading for women."

This is a word my Harry, not otherwise too reverent, speaks always with reverence.

"And why not for women? This is our world. Why should we not acquaint ourselves with the place we inhabit? That is the broadest and the deepest education. And when I take up the morning papers I feel that I am reading Balzac and Victor Hugo and George Eliot and Shakespeare, all in one; yes, and Laura Jean Libby and Mary J. Holmes. Surely, the truth, the absolute truth, about life—its grandeurs and its frivolities—must be proper reading, either for men or women."

"I can't agree with you, Doris. We need the philosophic mind before we can contemplate and analyze life at close range."

"And I think, on the contrary, that it is the study of life alone that can give us the philosophic mind."

"But this getting down to fact must destroy the beauty of the ideal."

"No; nothing can destroy the beauty of the ideal. It is all the more beautiful when the facts are unlovely. The keen eyes that detect flaws, you know, are the eyes that first discover the gems. And there are some gems entirely flawless, both human and mineral."

"I'm not sure about the human," protested Harry.

"Well, then, we'll say almost flawless; and all flaws, and the unworthinesses of all the gems in the world, cannot make the pure gem less bright. In a newspaper paragraph it is a condition that confronts us, not a theory."

"The theories come afterward," said Harry, dryly.

"And isn't that right? How can we cure an evil unless it is first made plain to us? The cleverest surgeon in the world must examine a wound before he can heal it. Now you are thinking, after all, that I am not far wrong, are you not?"

"I was thinking how fond you are of metaphors," said Harry.





THE QUEEN, AGE EIGHT YEARS.



THE QUEEN.—Engraved by F. C. Lewis, after Winterhalter.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.



THE QUEEN, 1838.—Engraved by Samuel Cousins, after G. Hayler.



THE ROYAL FAMILY, ABOUT 1848.—From a painting.



THE QUEEN.—After a picture by Sir Edwin Landseer.



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE HOME

## THE QUEEN AND HER

TOGETHER WITH TWO ROYAL RESIDENCES AND SEVERAL PORTRAITS OF HER





BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.



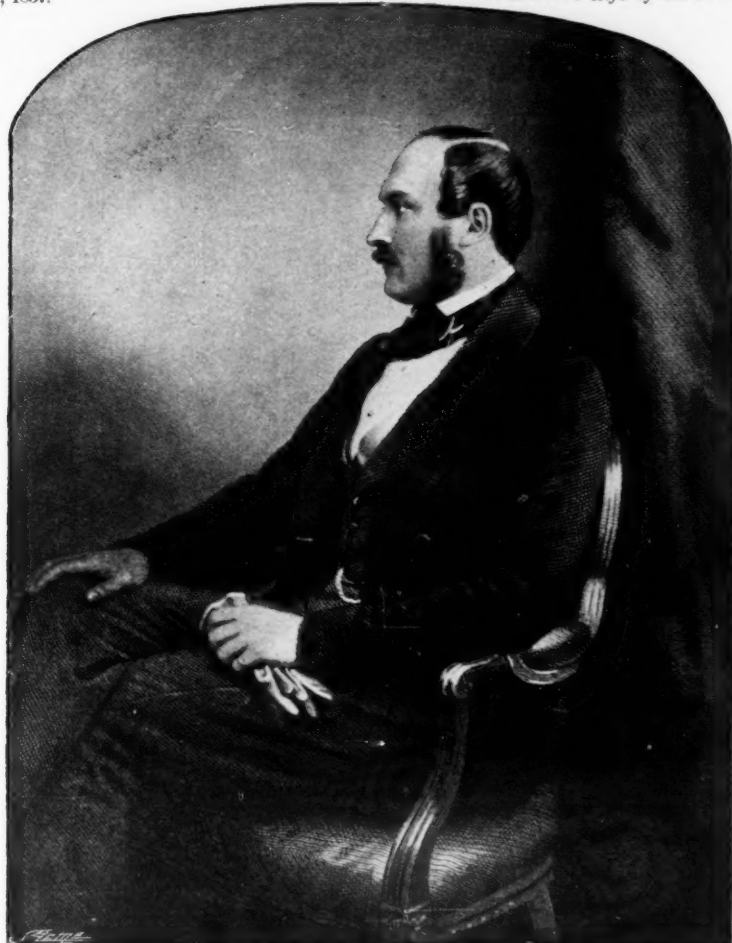
THE QUEEN, 1837.



PRINCE ALBERT, AGE FOUR.  
From Sir T. Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*.



1858.—From a painting by Winterhalter.



THE PRINCE CONSORT.—From a photograph.



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE HOME PARK



THE QUEEN AS SHE APPEARED ON THE MORNING OF ACCESSION, 1837.

AND HER FAMILY,

PORTRAITS OF HER MAJESTY AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HER LIFE.



## THE METHODS OF THREE GREAT ROWING COACHES.



LEHMANN'S STROKE AT THE CATCH.

So much has been written and said as to the differences in the strokes which will be used by the Harvard, Yale, and Cornell crews in their race at Poughkeepsie, that the opinions of experts will be found interesting.

In the first place, it is generally agreed that Harvard and Yale will row the English stroke pure and simple. Hence the chances of these two will depend upon the way each has mastered this stroke, qualified by the power behind the oars in each boat.

in doing so there is danger of overreaching—with its tiring effects; the vital organs are compressed, and the initial power at the beginning of the leg 'drive' is sacrificed.

"It is noticeable that Cornell crews check the speed of their shells but little between strokes. This is largely due to the Courtney 'sneak' on the slide. When the stroke is finished the hands are sharply dropped and the arms shot very quickly forward. The slide is started rapidly, but gradually slowed, so that the weight of the oarsman is not brought up suddenly on the stretcher.

"Courtney insists upon straight-arm work and no 'pulling around the corner' with crooked elbows. Careful attention is paid to avoid 'slipping'—cutting short the first of the stroke—and to pulling the blade through with the same power from begin-



LEHMANN'S STROKE AT THE FINISH.



LEHMANN'S STROKE AT THE MIDDLE.



COOK'S STROKE AT THE CATCH.



COOK'S STROKE AT THE MIDDLE.



COOK'S STROKE AT THE FINISH.



COURTNEY'S STROKE AT THE CATCH.

In the second place, many good judges insist that Cornell is also rowing after the English fashion, and those who saw Cornell win last year from Harvard and Pennsylvania agree that the winning stroke did not seem to be the Courtney stroke of a year before. Apparently there was much more body-swing than formerly, and the movements of the men on the slides savored of more deliberation.

Yet, Coach Courtney, who ought to know, claims that no change has ever been made, and in this stand he is backed up by all Cornell rowing men.

One famous old oar, when approached by the writer on the subject, had this to say:

"The Courtney stroke, rowed by Cornell crews, was originated by Charles E. Courtney. He surprised American oarsmen in the early 'seventies by the ridiculous ease with which he out-rowed his opponents in over one hundred races, and the declaration that radical changes have been made in his stroke from time to time is untrue.

"Practical, not simply theoretical, oarsmen know that the general principles of the stroke Courtney rowed twenty-five years ago are the same as the stroke pulled by Cornell crews of to-day, and with which, except in 1895, they have not met defeat in fourteen years. During this period Cornell has won thirty-six races and made several world's records.

"Courtney believes in accepting every advantage nature has given. The leg muscles, from constant use, are the strongest of the body; hence they are made to do the most work. The back is kept straight always and without a 'kink'; the bend is at the hips. The body goes back but slightly beyond the perpendicular at the finish, for it is considered a mistake to throw the shoulders so far back that exhaustive effort on the part of the abdominal muscles is demanded to bring the body up again to the perpendicular.

"Nor does he favor bending the body too far at the catch;



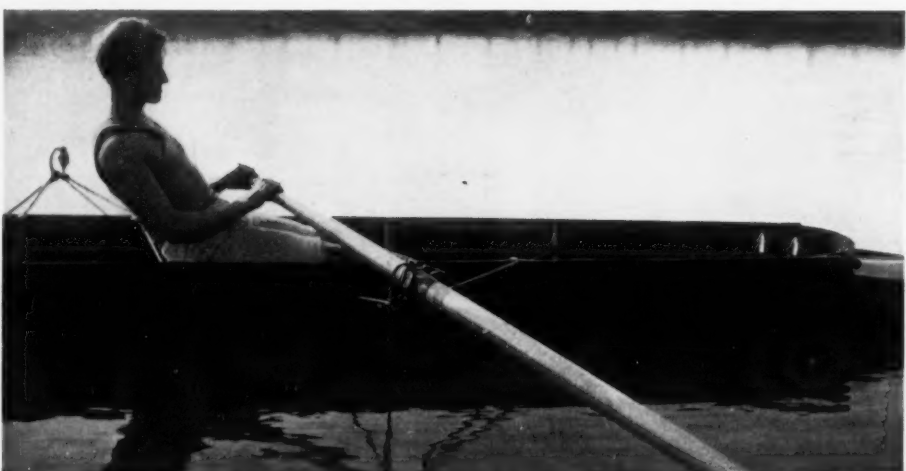
COURTNEY'S STROKE AT THE MIDDLE.

ning to end, bringing it out with a snap at right angles to the water.

"Realizing the importance of the leg power, the men are not allowed to start their 'slides' too soon, and 'buckling'—or meeting the oar-handle—is an unpardonable fault.

"To catch and finish in perfect unison is the price of a level boat keel, and the stress laid by Courtney on this point is clearly shown in the rowing of Cornell crews."

Granting, then, that Cornell is still rowing the Courtney stroke,



COURTNEY'S STROKE AT THE FINISH.

which will quickly be observed to differ radically from the English stroke in the shortened body-swing and reach forward the race, after all, will be in part between different styles of rowing, which lends additional interest to it.

But with two of the three crews rowing alike, the question of stroke is of minor importance to the different methods of work employed by the coaches.

Mr. Lehmann, like other English coaches, believes in handling a crew on such easy-going lines that hard work becomes a pleasure, and the sport of rowing is pursued for sport's sake. He believes it a great error to make a business of rowing, and in every way endeavors to work his pupils up to the fun of the thing, and thereby arouse their enthusiasm.

On the contrary, Courtney, of Cornell, believes in the strictest kind of discipline. It is all work for men under him—no play. He is the severe task-master, while the English coach is the good fellow, who keeps his crew in good humor and allows them the exhibition of a little self-reliance.

Between these two extremes comes Bob Cook, of Yale. While in the matter of diet and the handling of the men when off actual duty his ideas differ little, if any, from Mr. Lehmann's, he approaches more nearly the Courtney style when practice is under way. At such times he is all business.

Few Yale oars row for the love of the sport, and mighty few have ever found it other than a grind.

Mr. Lehmann's method inclines one to love to row for rowing's sake, and because it is a fine and healthful sport, and the planting of such a seed at Harvard is the greatest thing which could happen to American university rowing. W. T. BULL.





# PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA



## ASK FOR "PABST"

### *Take Up the Slack!*

The human body in the heat of summer may be likened to a ship in a dead calm; she cannot make port without the little tug-boat, which, catching her by her loose cable, pulls gently, but gradually, and taking up the slack, brings her safely to the dock.

The nerves, the muscles and the mind in summer are at the slack of their cables, yet the cares of household or business may increase. That famous little tug,

### **PABST MALT EXTRACT, The "Best" Tonic,**

takes right hold of the loosened ropes, gently gives new action and vitality, and draws one through the critical months to fresh and vibrant life. Cool, foaming and full of rejuvenating influences, it makes the relaxed forces taut and strong.

**PABST MALT EXTRACT is The "Best" Tonic.**

### **THE BEST IN FOURTEEN YEARS.**

It gives me pleasure to endorse your "Best" Tonic as the best malt extract I have used in my fourteen years' practice. I have often prescribed it for my patients, but never was so fully convinced of its merits as when I tried it myself this summer for dyspeptic and stomach troubles, from which I suffer, especially during the hot weather. I shall continue to prescribe "Best" Tonic to my patients.

W. R. FRANKLIN, M. D.  
Rockford, Ill., July 3, 1896.

## PERRY'S VICTORY

BINNER CHICAGO





THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

When Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, accepted the position of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy some astonishment was expressed by people who had an idea that Mr. Roosevelt was very ambitious to become a personage in the politics of the State of New York. Colonel Fred Grant was offered a corresponding place in the War Department to that which Mr. Roosevelt now holds. He declined because he preferred to be a police commissioner, and because, also, it has been intimated, he thought that after having been minister to Austria the Federal position offered to him was the reverse of a promotion. It is very likely that Mr. Roosevelt is longer-headed than Colonel Grant, and saw opportunities to distinguish himself in the Navy Department not visible to other people; and then, again, Mr. Roosevelt is a man of fortune, and mere considerations of salary do not control him. One thing is certain—the rank and file of the navy were extremely pleased that Mr. Roosevelt should take the place. They knew him as a writer and as a man of action, and as a person who rather liked to fight. The navy has been suffering from inaction for a long while, and there are no jingoes in the world more intense than the officers of the United States Navy. Mr. Roosevelt's reception by the officers of the Naval War College, where he made a most patriotic and forceful speech several weeks ago, was enthusiastic, and indicated a popularity previously alluded to.

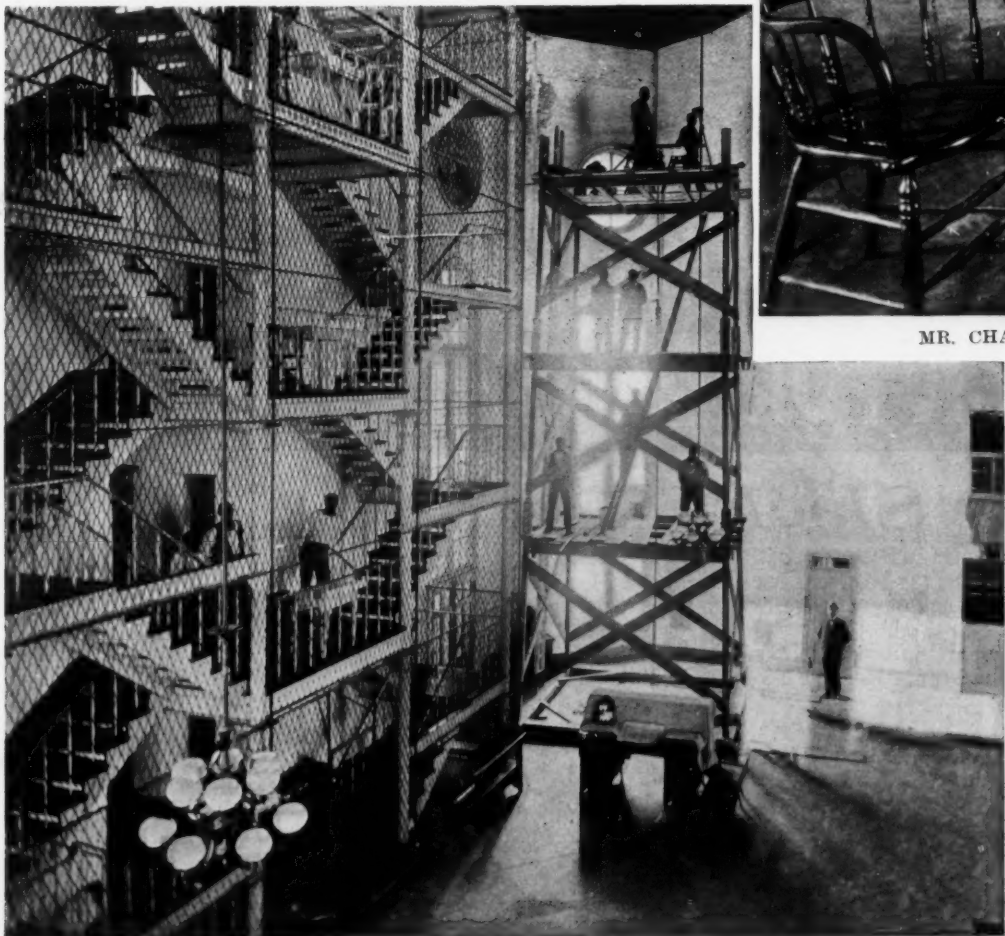


MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

General Miles, in his office at the War Department, is one of the most accessible and polite of all the public men in Washington. He has the military directness of speech, but there is nothing of the "bluff old soldier" in his manner. The commanding general of the army presents a superb figure in uniform, especially when on horseback. He is at present enjoying a European vacation.



MR. CHAPMAN RECEIVING HIS MORNING'S MAIL.



ELVERTON R. CHAPMAN, BROKER, SUPERINTENDING WHITEWASHING IN THE DISTRICT JAIL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Elverton R. Chapman, broker, of New York, last week completed his thirty days of imprisonment in the district jail of Washington, D. C., and came forth, amidst the joyous demonstrations of his friends, in the rôle of a triumphant hero-martyr. As will be remembered, Mr. Chapman's was a kind of test case in the course of the Senate investigation of the sugar trust, and his sentence was the penalty for refusing to answer certain questions asked by the committee. Very little discomfort, either moral or physical, seems to have attached to the month's imprisonment at the capital. In fact, the broker seems to have found it rather interesting than otherwise, and is quoted by the newspaper reporters as remarking, philosophically: "I will leave here with a different idea of criminals. My observations convince me that about two-thirds of the prisoners are on a moral level with the majority of men walking the streets outside. When you come to consider it, there is but a short step from freedom to jail. Rum is responsible for the presence here of most of them. It is the greatest curse of the country." According to this view, the sugar-cane would be doubly a root of evil.

The luxurious ease of prison life, according to Broker Chapman's account, is very like what is depicted in the well-known farce of "The Man from Mexico." His two cells were comfortably fitted out by Manager Bennett, of the Arlington, his meals were prepared under the direction of the warden's cook, and his marketing was done by the Arlington Hotel chef. The latest periodical literature, and telephone conversation with his friends, chased off ennui.



# S.K. (SPARKLING KOLAFRA)

## "IT IS TO LAUGH"



### The Drink that Quenches Thirst.

"S. K." (Sparkling KolaFra), made from the African Sterculia Nut, contains the marvelous thirst-quenching and vitalizing properties of that famous fruit. Satisfying, exhilarating and cooling. The ideal and perfect drink for cyclists and all lovers of out-door sports. Allays thirst with the minimum of fluid. Overcomes lassitude and fatigue.

#### DISTRIBUTING AGENTS.

New York Agents, FRED RAYNER, successor to NEW YORK BOTTLING CO., 620 West 55th St.  
 Chicago Agents, CHICAGO CONSOLIDATED BOTTLING CO., 14-18 Charles Place.  
 Boston Agents, OTIS S. NEALE CO., Howard Street.  
 Philadelphia Agents, BRINTON & BROSIUS, 314 North 17th Street.  
 Columbus Agents, CAPITAL SODA WATER CO.  
 Cincinnati Agents, THE CINCINNATI SODA WATER & G. A. CO., 1015-1017 Broadway.  
 Elizabeth, N. J., Agents, CLAUS BOTTLING CO.  
 Distributing Agents, CHESTERMAN & LANE, Sioux City, Ia.  
 New Orleans Agents, CONSUMERS' SELTZER & M. W. MFG. CO., Ltd., 612 North Rampart Street.  
 Pittsburgh Agents, THE CRYSTAL WATER CO., 902 Fifth Ave.

Distributing Agents, THE CRYSTAL WATER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 St. Paul Agents, DREWRY & SONS.  
 Distributing Agents, DIEHL & LORD, Nashville, Tenn.  
 Washington Agents, F. H. FINLEY & SON, 1206 D Street, N. W.  
 Distributing Agent, JOHN GRAF, Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Denver Agents, THE STANDARD BOTTLING CO.  
 Dayton Agents, SACHS-PRUDEN GINGER ALE CO.  
 Distributing Agents, C. GEISE & SON, Council Bluffs, Ia.  
 Agents for Essex County, HAUSSLING & CO., Newark, N. J.  
 Baltimore Agents, HEINZERLING & CO., 218 West Conway Street.

Distributing Agents, HADKINS BOTTLING CO., Tottenville, Staten Island.  
 Distributing Agents, R. J. HOLMES CARBONATING WORKS, Kansas City, Mo.  
 Louisville Agents, KLEE, COLEMAN & CO., 719 Second Street.  
 Indianapolis Agents, RICH. LIEBER & CO., Telephone 1263.  
 Minneapolis Agents, WILLIAM MASSOLT BOTTLING CO.  
 Detroit Agents, GEO. NORRIS & CO.  
 Omaha Agents, OMAHA BOTTLING CO.  
 Distributing Agent, JOHN SCHROTH, Trenton, N. J.  
 Toledo Agent, PHILIP SCHMIDT.  
 St. Louis Agents, CRYSTAL WATER CO., Cor. Franklin and Channing Aves.

THE BRUNSWICK PH. CO., 92 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.



Grand Duke Paul of Russia. Prince Philip of Coburg. Count Mensdorff. Princess of Roumania. Grand Duchess Serge. Duke Alfred of Coburg.  
 Prince Louis of Battenberg. Prince Philip of Coburg. Prince of Roumania. Grand Duke Vladimir.  
 Prince Henry of Battenberg. Grand Duke Serge. Duke of Connaught.  
 Prince of Wales. Princess Henry of Battenberg. Princess Alexandra of Coburg. Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Duchess of Connaught.



From a photograph taken at Palais Edinburg, Coburg.

Prince Alfred of Coburg. Czar of Russia.  
Emperor of Germany.

The Czarina.

Princess Louis of Battenberg.  
The Queen.  
Princess Beatrice of Coburg.

Princess Henry of Prussia. Grand Duchess Vladimir.  
Dowager-Emress Frederick.  
Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen.

Duchess of Coburg.

#### A ROYAL GROUP AT COBURG.

Five years ago two of the Queen's grandchildren, the Grand Duke of Hesse, son of the late Princess Alice, and Princess Victoria Melita, a daughter of Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha were married, and there was a great gathering of the family, as the names of the persons in the group will show. These may not be handsome men and women, but they are of royal blood, bred in and in, as stock-raisers say.

#### For the Honor of the Harem.

AN! my friends, you do not know the Turk; but I know him, and I tell you the truth.

It is first necessary to explain that I had fought for Kossuth, and that, when the Austrians and Russians had beaten us, I escaped from Hungary and found refuge among the followers of the prophet.

He was a pasha—this man—and of a very high rank. A pasha can do as he wishes, and I had rendered him a service—saved his life, if you will.

Later, it was so that I could return home, and when I explained this to him his face was clouded.

"I wish to do you a great honor," he said, "that you may know I am not ungrateful. It is my pleasure that you follow me."

I wondered and followed, as he led the way into his house.

We entered a court paved with colored tiles. Around it were brick arcades. A fountain cooled the air.

I was thinking: "It is a sword hilted with jewels that he will give me."

We entered a second court. The air was languorous with perfumes, for the water of the fountains was scented, and the roses bloomed all about. A bird sang in a lemon-tree, and from the lattice above I heard the music of a lute.

"Ciel!" I murmured, in amazement. "Surely it is the seraglio. He will give me a Georgian slave."

And then he brushed aside a portière—so—and for a moment the richness of this apartment blinded me. It was all gold and silver and gems and wonderfully-blended fabrics—ah, but the woman! She started from a divan. Her face and shoulders and her little feet

were bare. I do not like to remember how beautiful she was—but, oh, so frightened!—cowering like a wild deer that the hunters surround.

"Dog of a Christian, I show you my favorite unveiled"—I scarcely heard the pasha saying it. Truly, it was a wonderful honor; but, believe me, I was not pleased. I looked at his eyes—how they glittered!—and my mind misgave me. Then I salaamed.

He led me to the entrance and held the portière as I passed out into the court.

"Await me," he said with grave courtesy, and the curtain fell between us.

A dull crash sounded in my ears. Oh! but I knew it well. You understand I had been close to the Austrian cavalry many times.

A moment, and he came out, returning a pistol to his belt. There was the smell of gunpowder on the air, and from between the portières drifted a thin mist.

"Come," he said, for I was trembling. "It is the hour for the coffee and the nargileh."

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

#### Free.—Cure for Asthma and Hay-Fever.

We are glad to announce that at last a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever has been found in the wonderful African Kola Plant. The cures wrought by it are marvelous, often of persons who had suffered all their lives. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, was cured by the Kola Plant after fifty years' suffering, and the editor of the *Farmer's Magazine* gives similar testimony. To prove its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, will send you a large case free by mail. If you suffer from Asthma you should send for it.

#### The Sweet Girl Graduates.

(AT VASSAR COLLEGE AND ELSEWHERE.)

In ribboned folds and fluffy tulle,  
Muslin, tulle, silks, and lace,  
The charming seniors, done with school,  
March to the chapel's foremost place.

There are blushes and rustling and hearts aglow,  
Friends and lovers—the public, too;  
Where can the world on its broad space show,  
Or June, in its splendor, so fine a view?

With pathos of parting and honors won,  
Theses and music, feast and flowers,  
Nothing more lovely beneath the sun  
Can happen to ravish these hearts of ours.

Do you see? Two figures wait at the door,  
As the sweet girl graduates worldward go.  
Not Business, but Cupid will capture more—  
But do not ask me just how I know.

JOEL BENTON.

#### Tyrolean Patriotism.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

INNSBRUCK, June 10th, 1897.—The most attractive feature here is, perhaps, the Heblinghaus, and its golden roof, richly decorated in Rococo style. It is peculiarly Tyrolean, so odd and queer that it fairly rivals most sights here, including the Franciscan Church, with its valuable paintings and carvings, and tombs of kings and heroes, justly called the Westminster of Tyrol. But for the timely advice of Herr Landsee, who is the life and soul of Tyrol, and whose creation, the *Hotel Tyrol*, is not only the first in Austria, but a lasting monument to his genius and enterprise—but for this gentleman I should have missed many incomparable scenes which I now enjoy from the balcony of this hotel; grandiose and awe-inspiring, yet mutely sublime, appears to me the chain of snow-capped mountains which follows the river Inn as far as the eye can see. In this weird and romantic valley Herr Landsee has erected a modern hotel, replete with the comforts of New York and Paris. The rooms are cleverly ar-

ranged, and almost all have sunny exposure, with an elevator, electricity, and all modern contrivances. In season, the grand dining hall affords a kaleidoscopic scene, a cosmopolitan picture really enchanting, for many wealthy families come here and make quite a stay. The clever proprietor has entertained many noble guests, among these the late Emperor William, now called "the Great"; the Austrian Emperor, the Queen of Holland, who even conferred on him presents; and other Royalties. Of an ambitious and untiring disposition, he has not only devoted his life's best energies to the welfare of his country, but he has also spent a good bit of his fortune to make Tyrol known abroad.

DEWEY.

The Royal—White and Pure  
as the Driven Snow.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



Low Rates to Elks' Convention,  
Minneapolis, July 6.  
GO WEST THEN.

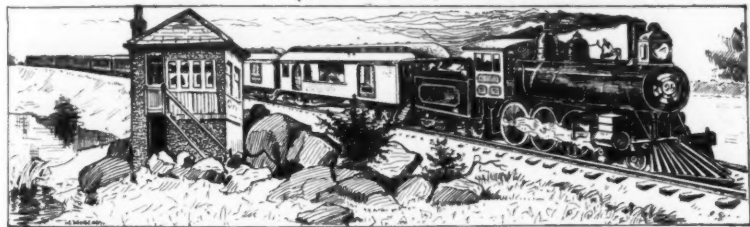
## In the Past Two Years

### The Northern Pacific Railway

.....has renewed hundreds of miles of track with heavy STEEL RAILS—has cut down HEAVY GRADES—widened its ROAD-BED—filled in miles of TRESTLING—replaced wooden with STEEL bridges—lined its TUNNELS with brick—put in improved and large CULVERTS—straightened its TRACK—reduced its curves and QUICKENED its time. It runs through the finest scenery in the West.

Send SIX CENTS for our *Wonderland '97*, and read about the Northwest well called WONDERLAND

CHAS. S. FEE, GENERAL PASS. AGENT, ST. PAUL, MINN.



## Thrift is a sign of a Great People!

Thrifty people protect their estates by insuring in

## The Prudential

Which grants Life Insurance in sums to suit the requirements of children, women, and men.



Ages, 1 to 70. Amounts, \$15 to \$50,000. Premiums payable yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, weekly.

Particulars and full information on request.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA,

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

## B. Altman & Co.

NEW YORK,

Are showing an excellent Selection of

## Ladies' Eton and Blazer Dresses

For Cycling, Golfing, etc., in Cheviot, Serge, Crash, and Canvas Grenadine, at very moderate prices.

18th St., 19th St. & 6th Ave.  
(18th Street Elevated Station.)

## "Search-Light" Always Bright.



The Leader!

A lantern that does not jar or blow out. Reflecting surfaces are always bright. All riders say it is—THE BEST.

Bridgeport Brass Co.

Send for Catalog BRIDGEPORT, CONN.  
No. 45.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

## HOW TO TRAVEL.

Are you going to make a trip? Do you know about the proper season, climate, altitude, resorts and hotels of the place to be visited, or the most desirable routes for reaching it? These are important. The success of your trip will depend largely on your knowledge of these questions. Our Literature Department contains descriptive matter of the principal resorts and hotels of the world, and we can readily give this information as well as unbiased advice about everything pertaining to travel. We might add that our tours offer the best facilities for traveling comfortably and leisurely, but we supply also railroad and steamship tickets at lowest rates to all parts of the world.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB

31 East Fourteenth St., Lincoln Building,  
Union Square West, New York.

296 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
1005 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
250 Arcade Building, Cleveland, Ohio.  
95 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Rare relief. Price 35 cts. ASTHMA. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

HEAVY stomach in the morning? A dash in water of Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Sun shines all day. Abbott's, the genuine original.

THE tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

### FALSE ECONOMY

is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

WHEN you drink, drink GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE; there is health and delight in every drop.

Use Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Set of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

## Free to Every Man.

### THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience. I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529 Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

### JURY NOTICE.

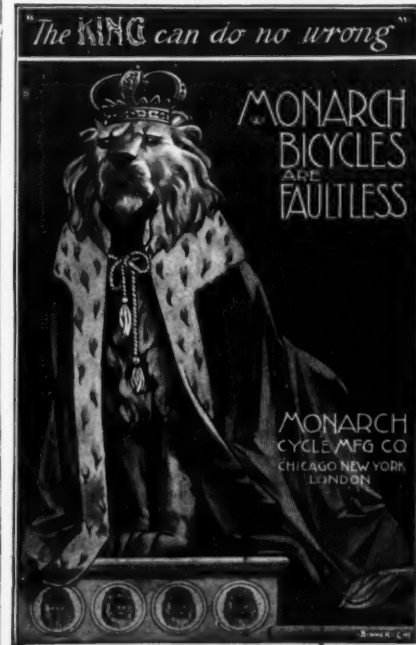
NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building,  
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor,  
New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M. Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder. Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill and United States jurors are not exempt. Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,  
Commissioner of Jurors.



PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Ask the mothers who have used this soap they will tell you it's best for the soft, delicate skin of the baby—and as for the complexion of adults, delightful for the face, neck and arms.

**CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP**  
(Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

**Crawford**  
\$50 Bicycles \$50  
\$100 Tandems.

Crawford quality is best quality. Crawford prices are right prices. Agents wanted. Catalogues free.

**THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO.,**  
HAGERSTOWN, MD.

**BARKER BRAND COLLARS** ARE THE BEST.

Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

**TEA SET (56 Pieces) FREE**

with \$10.00 orders of Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc. Great reduction in prices. Send for New Premium and price-list, etc.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,  
31 and 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. P. O. Box 280.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 25th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named avenue and street:

TWENTY-THIRD WARD.—MARCHER AVENUE, at its junction with East One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street or Birch Street.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD.—WILLARD STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Bronx River.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.  
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, May 26th, 1897.

**The Man who Chews**

If the chewer were to make his own tobacco, he wouldn't be more particular in the making or in the selection of the leaf than are the manufacturers of

**Boot Jack Plug Tobacco.**

One pound in a convenient box and a handsome aluminum pocket tobacco box by mail for \$1. John Finer & Bros., Louisville, Ky.

How Far have we ridden?

THE VEEDER CYCLOMETER

Answers accurately. Smallest, neatest and only reliable cyclometer on the market. Weight, 1 ounce.

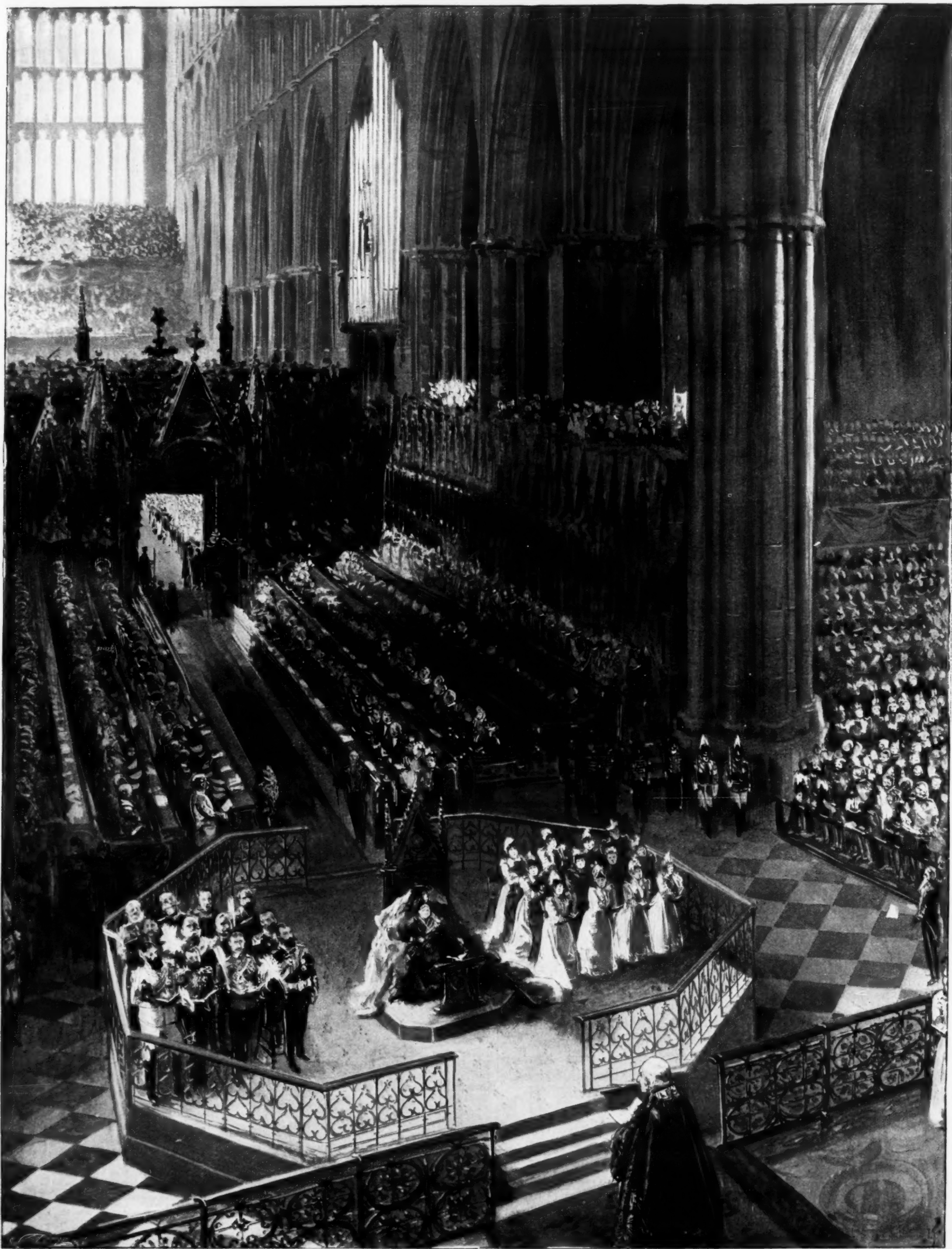
PRICE, \$1.50.

For sale by all reliable dealers. BOOKLET FREE.

**VEEDER MFG. CO.,** Hartford, Conn.

SIX TRAINS DAILY for CHICAGO—NEW YORK CENTRAL.





THE QUEEN'S 1887 JUBILEE—SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Ten years ago the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign was celebrated in London with great pomp and circumstance. Few dreamed that after another decade she would still be sovereign of Great Britain and its dependencies. But she is still Queen, only a trifle more infirm than when she received, in 1887, the loyal homage of her subjects and the sincere congratulations of the whole civilized world. The present celebration eclipses the former in magnitude, but nothing could surpass the other in impressiveness. What surprised the continental visitors from military despotisms was the entire lack of necessity to show any force in controlling the millions of spectators. It was an exhibition of royal safety and civil security impossible in any other European country.



**SUPERIOR** to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

### THREE GREAT CONVENTIONS.

**THE Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor** meets at San Francisco, California, July 7th to 12th. **National Educational Association** at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July 6th to 9th. **Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks** at Minneapolis, Minnesota, July 6th to 9th.

These are all national conventions, and delegates and others interested should bear in mind that the best route to each convention city from Chicago is via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. Two trains daily via Omaha to San Francisco; seven through trains daily via four different routes Chicago to Minneapolis; six daily trains Chicago to Milwaukee. Choice of routes to California, going via Omaha or Kansas City, returning via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Through trains vestibuled and electric lighted. All trains run on absolute block system. Low excursion rates to each convention. Ticket-agents everywhere sell tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway; or, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

### ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

In the café cars of the new trains which the Erie has placed in service between New York and Cleveland, meals may be ordered à la carte at any time from early morning until midnight. This innovation will be welcomed by travelers who like an early breakfast, and by those who are accustomed to eat something before going to bed. A specialty will be made of chafing-dish service. What more enjoyable way of passing an evening can be imagined than a chafing-dish supper, at which the ladies of the party prepare the welsh rarebit, lobster à la Newburg, or other delicacy, with their own fair hands?

**LAKE CHAMPLAIN** and **LAKE GEORGE**, the largest and most beautiful lakes in the Adirondack system, are known and loved by thousands, but there are hundreds of thousands who do not know that in this section are the finest summer hotels in the world, or that the route through Saratoga Springs and these lakes is the greatest scenic highway of pleasure travel. The handsome illustrated directory of summer hotels and boarding-houses just issued by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad contains full information about these lovely, historic localities and other resorts along the "Leading Tourists' Lines." It is sent free on receipt of four cents postage, by J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

## FOR MEN'S TROUBLES.

**FREE CURE THAT A MICHIGAN MAN IS OFFERING.**

**Wants Other Men to Benefit by His Experience.**

From Kalamazoo, Michigan, where the finest of nerve bracing celery is shipped to all parts of the world, comes the report of a cure for men's troubles. It is a specific remedy that acts powerfully upon the nerve centres, and puts new life and tone into those organs that are lacking in vigor and strength, particularly in cases where weakness has come from excesses and habits that drain the body and soul of its life-giving secretions. H. C. Olds, whose address is Box 1881, Kalamazoo, Michigan, is the discoverer of this remedy. He suffered from all the troubles that come from follies and mental debauchery in early years, and not only restored himself to complete health, but increased his organs to natural proportions and virility. As a result of this turn in his life he is celebrating the fact by sending the prescription to all men who are weak; he sends it absolutely free—not charging a cent for his trouble. This is true benevolence; it is the kind of philanthropy that counts, for not only does he give freely but he makes others more generous. They, in turn, help other weak men, and so the good work goes on. Send for this free prescription. Mr. Olds sends it in a plain sealed envelope.

### PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c, and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

# SAPOLIO

**LIKE A GOOD TEMPER SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE.**



## No. 4711 EAU DE COLOGNE

**Strength, Purity and  
Fragrance** Combined with  
**Remarkable Delicacy**

The most refined Perfume, and to-day the Standard in all civilized countries. It is the Pioneer of all Colognes now sold in the New World, having been imported for almost three-quarters of a century.

Be sure that you get the "No. 4711."

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U.S. AGENTS

## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE.

**The American Gentleman's DRINK.**  
**FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.**



**10 YEARS OLD.**  
**THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA**

Endorsed by Leading Physicians

To ladies obliged to use a stimulant it is recommended because of its Absolute Purity, Gentle Mellowness and Great Age.

Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.  
**WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.**



**It's a Paying Investment**

To Send for Box of STANDARD Hand Made

## PITTSBURG STOGIES

Pleasantest tasting, easiest smoking, greatest economy. A fine mild cigar, made in the stogie shape. Box with 100 in, \$1.50. (All charges paid).

R. & W. Jenkinson Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

**When "the grinders cease,  
Because they are few,"  
It's too late!**

**Take care of the Teeth  
BEFORE OLD AGE.**

## Sozodont

cannot be tried too early in life—the liquid daily, the powder twice a week. Many families have used it nearly forty years.

HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors, NEW YORK LONDON  
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderm Soap for the postage, three cents.

History made  
**LIBERTY BELL**  
honored and loved.  
Sweetness and purity of tone have made  
**THE NEW**

"Just hear dem bells,  
Dey's ringing everywhere."

THEY HAVE A TONE 34 STYLES  
THAT'S ALL THEIR OWN.  
FREE SOUVENIR BOOKLET upon application.

**DEPARTURE BICYCLE BELLS**  
widely known and universally appreciated.  
The acme of excellence—NEW DEPARTURE BELL CO.  
The ideal of perfection—No. 133 Main St. Bristol, Conn.

### BALTIMORE AND OHIO SUMMER BOOK.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs, and baths located on and adjacent to its lines; also the various watering-places on the Atlantic coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive and clear manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour. Copies can be had by applying to various Baltimore and Ohio agents, or by sending ten cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Maryland.



### "ENSIGN STOGIE CIGARS"

Have two essential points in their favor:

**PRICE—QUALITY.**

**AS TO PRICE:**

**\$2.00** Buys a box of 100  
Prepaid to any part of the U. S.

**AS TO QUALITY:**

Much good Tobacco is spoiled through ignorance in handling and curing; but a great deal more of poor Tobacco has its poverty hidden by Drugs and Artificial Flavoring.

"ENSIGN STOGIE CIGARS" are made of carefully selected Tobacco, handled by Experts, and guaranteed to be **HAND-MADE, LONG FILLER** and **ABSOLUTELY FREE** from Artificial Flavoring. The aim is to produce a good, mild smoke at a reasonable cost.

We want them to please you, but if they don't, we prefer to refund your money than have you keep them. Only tell us where the fault is. This information would be valuable to us.

Sample box of 12 mailed on receipt of 30 cents.  
**Crescent Cigar Co., Wheeling W. Va.**



**Wherever  
You Are**

on the dining car, in the café, touring awheel, avoid the danger of changing water—drink

## HIRES Rootbeer

**CARBONATED.**

Drives away thirst, dispels languor, increases your health, adds materially to the enjoyments of life. It's always ready for drinking, and those who know its benefits are always ready to drink it.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRE'S and the signature, **Charles E. Hires**, are on each bottle.

A package of HIRE'S Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold as formerly, by all dealers.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

## OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS

Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.



**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

**FLORIDA WATER.**

HAS OCCUPIED THE THRONE OF POPULAR FAVOR FOR 89 YEARS  
1808-1897.



9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST **SUBLIME LUCCA OIL** at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be **PURE OLIVE OIL** unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of **SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.**

**THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY,**

*A. R. Ledoux, Proprietor.*

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

**ED. PINAUD'S**  
PARIS

## EAU DE QUININE

**HAIR TONIC.**

THIS REMARKABLE TOILET PREPARATION HAS NO EQUAL FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR AND WILL, AFTER A FEW APPLICATIONS, GIVE THE SCALP NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.

## Ball-Pointed Pens

**Luxurious Writing!**

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others.

**FOR EASY WRITING.**

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 Cents, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St., New York.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk St., Boston.

A. C. MCCLURG & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.

Why Buy '97 Models When

## ELECTRIC CREAMLAC

**PUBLISHERS,  
PRINTERS AND  
LITHOGRAPHERS**

Desiring paper of superior excellence and uniformity can secure it of the makers of the papers used in the various publications of THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Will Make your old wheel look like a new one? For sale generally, 10c.; by mail, 15c., postpaid. **ROGERS & PYATT, 82 Maiden Lane, N. Y.**





NOT ACQUAINTED WITH THE LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE APPARATUS.  
UNCLE WAYBACK (affrightedly)—"Gol swan! ef I hain't strayed inter a private loonatic-ersylum. Guess I'll lile out o' here. There's no tellin' but what thet crazy critter thet thinks he's talkin' ter sumbody 'way over in New Jersey might git rampageous an' bust out o' thet little coop." (Doesn't stop to finish his cider.)

**A HIGH GRADE!**  
There is **Only One** Grade of  
**Rambler Bicycles**  
(List Price \$80.)  
**The . . . Highest!**  
**AND WE CONSIDER \$80**  
"The Highest High Grade Price That's Fair!"  
Rambler Agents all over the world invite close inspection and comparison with all other high-grade wheels. They have nothing to hide. Catalogue free.  
**GORMULLY & JEFFERY**  
MANUFACTURING CO.  
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati, Buffalo, London & Coventry, England.

**A GENTLE MAN'S SMOKE YALE MIXTURE**  
IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED  
IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED  
The CHOICEST of all SMOKING TOBACCOS  
2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25 c.  
Send 10c. in stamps for pair of **CELLULOID WHIST COUNTERS**  
MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE MD.  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR

# IVORY SOAP

99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> per cent PURE.

There are a hundred imitations. They all lack the remarkable qualities of the genuine.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.



Wherever the pain is there apply an

## Allcock's Porous Plaster

THE STANDARD EXTERNAL REMEDY.

There are many imitations of this well-known plaster, so be sure you get the genuine "Allcock's." Don't accept a substitute.

Every Point  
A Good Point

in the NEW MODELS of the

# Remington

## Standard Typewriter

GOOD IN EVERY PART.  
GOOD FOR EVERY PURPOSE.  
DOES GOOD WORK, AND  
DOES IT A GOOD LONG TIME.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict  
327 Broadway, New York

The Improved **Boston Garter**  
Easy and Secure.  
Extra Super Webs.  
Finest Nickel Trimmings.  
The **Velvet Grip**  
CUSHION BUTTON—CLASP—  
Lies flat to the leg.  
Cannot Unfasten accidentally.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
By Sample Pair  
Mail Silk So. Cott. 25¢  
P.O. BOX 1604  
GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.

**Baker's Chocolate**  
made by  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1780,  
at **Dorchester, Mass.**  
Has the well-known  
**YELLOW LABEL**  
on the front of every pack-  
age, and the trade-mark  
"La Belle Chocolatiere,"  
on the back.  
**None other Genuine.**  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,**  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

**EVERYBODY WHO RIDES**  
a Bicycle should have the  
**Rubber Pedal Attachment.**  
Changes Rat Trap to Rubber Pedals  
in ten seconds, without bolts or riv-  
ets. Sets off two mailed for 50c by  
ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic  
Ave., Boston; 735 Market St., San  
Pat. Apr. 20, 1897. Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.  
This Publication is printed with Ink  
manufactured by  
**FRED'K H. LEVEY CO.,**  
50 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**  
Heads the list of the highest grade  
pianos. It is the favorite of the artists  
and the refined musical public.  
**SOHMER & CO.,**  
Piano Manufacturers,  
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.  
LONDON (ENGLAND).  
THE LANCHAM Portland Place. Unrival-  
ed situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel  
with Americans. Every modern improvement.

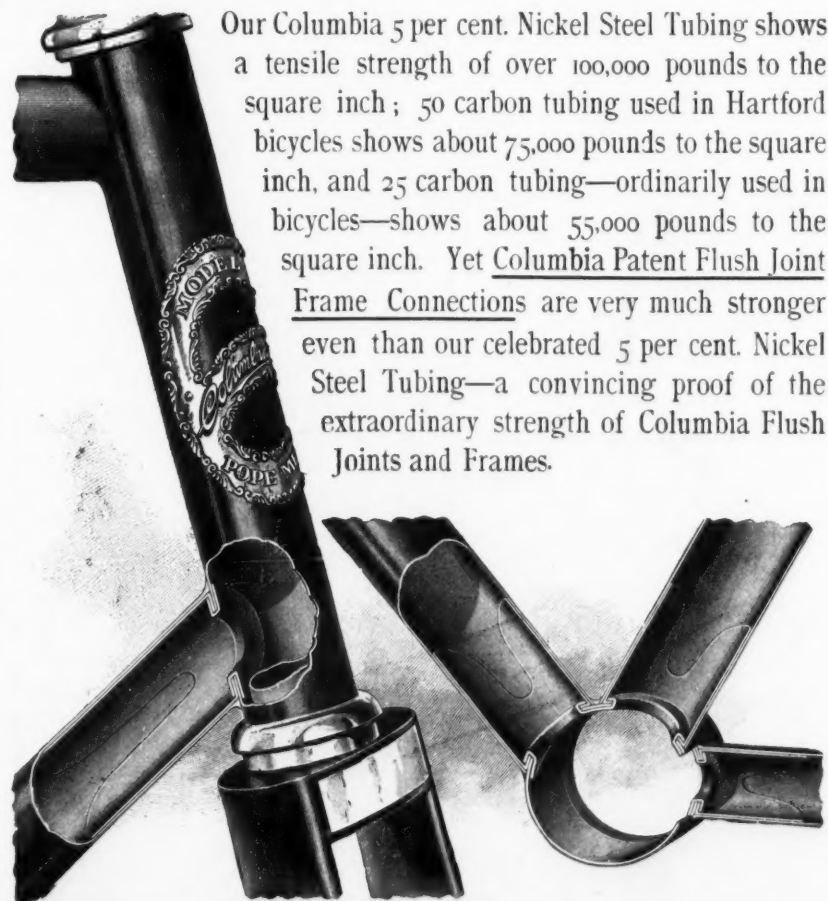
## Syracuse Bicycles

Are Made for Experts by Experts.  
Six Distinct Models, Including  
**CONVERTIBLE TANDEMS.**

New York Agency,  
**H. H. KIFFE CO.,** 523 Broadway,  
and 318 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAKERS:  
**SYRACUSE CYCLE CO.,**  
Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

## FLUSH JOINT STRENGTH



Our Columbia 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing shows a tensile strength of over 100,000 pounds to the square inch; 50 carbon tubing used in Hartford bicycles shows about 75,000 pounds to the square inch, and 25 carbon tubing—ordinarily used in bicycles—shows about 55,000 pounds to the square inch. Yet **Columbia Patent Flush Joint Frame Connections** are very much stronger even than our celebrated 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing—a convincing proof of the extraordinary strength of Columbia Flush Joints and Frames.

# COLUMBIA BICYCLES,

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

**POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.**

**EARL & WILSON'S**  
**LINEN**  
**COLLARS & CUFFS**  
BEST IN THE WORLD

**Wanted—An Idea** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write **JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO.,** Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,900 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

# W. H. BAKER'S PREMIUM NO. 1. BEST QUALITY CHOCOLATE BLUE LABEL